

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Mirror of the Months*. Post 8vo. pp. 274. London, 1826. Whittaker.

THE *Mirror of the Months* is a very pleasing and well-written little work. It not only contains a sort of natural history of the year, but the fashions, amusements, and employments of persons of all ranks in each month, both in town and country, are described very happily. It is, as the author in his preface truly says, 'in substance, though certainly not in form, a calendar of the various events and appearances connected with a country and a London life, during each successive month of the year; and it endeavours to impress upon the memory such of its information as seems best worth retaining, by either placing it in a picturesque point of view, or by connecting it with some association, often purely accidental, and not seldom extravagant perhaps, but not the less likely to answer its end, if it succeed in changing mere dry information into amusement.'

The author in his account of the months, puts in as strong a claim for each, as if they were contending for the supremacy; and, lest we shall be thought to do injustice to any of those 'Cynthias of a minute,' which we equally respect, we shall without further preamble quote a passage from each, beginning, of course, with—

'*January*.—Now schoolboys don't know what to do with themselves till dinner-time; for the good old days of frost and snow, and fairs on the Thames, and furred gloves, and skating on the canals, and sliding on the kennels, are gone by; and for anything in the shape of winter one might as well live in Italy at once!

'Now, on the evening of Twelfth-day, mischievous maid-servants pin elderly people together at the windows of pastry-cooks' shops, thinking them "weeds that have no business there."

'Now, if a frosty day or two does happen to pay us a flying visit, on its way home to the North Pole, how the little boys make slides on the pathways, for lack of ponds, and, it may be, trip up an occasional housekeeper just as he steps out of his own door; who forthwith vows vengeance, in the shape of ashes, on all the slides in his neighbourhood; not, doubtless, out of vexation at his own mishap, and revenge against the petty perpetrators of it, but purely to avert the like from others!

'Now, Bond Street begins to be conscious of carriages; two or three people are occasionally seen wandering through the Western Bazaar; and the Soho Ditto is so thronged, that Mr. Trotter begins to think of issuing another decree against the inroads of single gentlemen.

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'Now, linen-draper begin to "sell off" their stock at "fifty per cent. under prime cost," and continue so doing all the rest of the year; every article of which will be found, on inspection, to be of "the last new pattern," and to have been "only had in that morning!"

'Now, oranges are eaten in the dress-circle of the great theatres, and inquiries are propounded there, whether "that gentleman in black" (meaning Hamlet) "is Harlequin?" And laughs, and "La! Mamas!" resound thence to the remotest corners of the house; and "the gods" make merry during the play, in order that they may be at leisure to listen to the pantomime; and Mr. Farley is consequently in his glory, and Mr. Grimaldi is a great man; as, indeed, when is he not?

'Now, Moore's Almanack holds "sole sovereign sway and mastery" among the readers of that class of literature; for there has not yet been time to nullify any of its predictions; not even that which says, "we may expect some frost and snow about this period."

'*February*.—Now, the Christmas holidays are over, and all the snow in Russia could not make the first Monday in this month look any other than black, in the home-loving eyes of little schoolboys; and the streets of London are once more evacuated of happy wondering faces, that look any way but straight before them; and sobs are heard, and sorrowful faces seen to issue from sundry postchaises that carry sixteen inside, exclusive of cakes and boxes: and theatres are no longer conscious of unconscious *eclats de rire*, but the whole audience is like Mr. Wordsworth's cloud, "which moveth altogether, if it move at all."

'*March*.—Now, every other day, the four sides of the newspapers offer to the wearied eye one unbroken ocean of long-primer; to the infinite abridgement of the labour of Chapter Coffee House quid-nuncs, who find that they have only one sheet to get through instead of ten; and to the entire discomfiture of the conscientious reader, who makes it a point of duty to spell through all that he pays for, avowed advertisements included; for in these latter there is some variety—of which no one can accuse the parliamentary speeches. By the by, it would be but consistent in the Times to bestow their ingenuous prefix of [*advertisement*] on a few of the last named effusions. And if they were placed under the head of "Want Places," nobody but the advertiser would see cause to complain of the mistake.'

'*April*.—April is at once the most juvenile of the months, and the most feminine—never knowing her own mind for a day together.

Fickle as a fond maiden with her first lover;—coying it with the young sun till he withdraws his beams from her, and then weeping till she gets them back again. High-fantastical as the seething wit of a poet, that sees a world of beauty growing beneath his hand, and fancies that he has created it, whereas it is *it* that has created him a poet; for it is Nature that makes April, not April Nature.'

'April is doubtless the sweetest month of all the year; partly because it ushers in the May, and partly for its own sake, so far as anything can be valuable without reference to anything else. It is, to May and June, what "sweet fifteen," in the age of woman, is to passion-stricken eighteen, and perfect two-and-twenty. It is, to the confirmed summer, what the previous hope of joy is to the full fruition; what the boyish dream of love is to love itself. It is indeed the month of promises; and what are twenty performances compared with one promise? When a promise of delight is fulfilled, it is over and done with; but while it remains a promise, it remains a hope: and what is all good, but the hope of good? What is every to-day of our life, but the hope (or the fear) of tomorrow? April, then, is worth two Mays, because it tells tales of May in every sigh that it breathes, and every tear that it lets fall. It is the harbinger, the herald, the promise, the prophecy, the foretaste of all the beauties that are to follow it—of all, and more—of all the delights of summer, and all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious" autumn. It is fraught with beauties itself that no other month can bring before us, and

"It bears a glass which shows us many more."

'*May*.—We will, at all events, contrive to reach London on May-day, that we may not lose the only relic that is left us of the sports which were once as natural to this period as the opening of the leaves or the springing of the grass. I mean the gloomy merriment of Jack in the Green, and the sad hilarity of the chimney-sweepers. This is, indeed, a melancholy affair, contrasted with what that must have been of which it reminds us. The effect of it, to the by-standers, is like that of a we-begone ballad-singer chanting a merry stave. It is good as far as it goes, nevertheless; inasmuch as it procures a holyday, such as it is, for those who would not otherwise know the meaning of the phrase. The wretched imps, whose mops and mowes produce the mock merriment in question, are the *parias* of their kind; outcasts from the society even of their equals, the very charity-boys give themselves airs of patronage in their presence; and the little beggar's brat, that leads his blind father along the streets,



would scorn to be seen playing at chuck-farthing with them. But even they, on May-day, feel themselves somebody; for the rout of ragged urchins, that turned up their noses at them yesterday, will to-day dog their footsteps with admiring shouts, and, such is the love of momentary distinction, would not disdain to own an acquaintance with them. Nay, some of them are trying, even now, to recollect whether it was not with that young gentleman, in the gilt jacket and gauze trowsers, that they had the honour of playing at marbles "on Wednesday last." There was not a man in the crowd, when Jack Thurtell was hanged, that would not have been proud of a nod from him on the scaffold.

*June.*—The hay-harvest, besides filling the whole air with its sweetness, is even more picturesque in the appearances it offers, as well as more pleasant in the associations it calls forth, than the harvest in autumn. What a delightful succession of pictures it presents! First, the mowers, stooping over their scythes, and moving with measured paces through the early morning mists, interrupted at intervals by the freshening music of the whetstone.

'Then—blithe companies of both sexes, ranged in regular array, and moving lengthwise and across the meadow, each with the same action, and the ridges rising or disappearing behind them as they go:—

"There are forty moving like one."

—Then again, when the fragrant crop is nearly fit to be gathered in, and lies piled up in dusky-coloured hillocks upon the yellow sward, while here and there, beneath the shade of a "hedge-row elm," or braving the open sunshine in the centre of the scene, sunburnt groups are seated in circles at their noonday meal, enjoying that ease which nothing but labour can generate.

'And lastly, when man and nature, mutually assisting each other, have completed the work of preparation, and the cart stands still to receive its last forkfull: while the horse, almost hidden beneath his apparently overwhelming load, lifts up his patient head sideways to pick a mouthful; and all about stand the labourers, leaning listlessly on their implements, and eyeing the completion of their work.'

*July.*—Now the bees (those patterns of all that is praiseworthy in domestic and political economy) give practical lessons on the principles of population, by expelling from the hive, *vi et armis*, all those heretofore members of it who refuse to aid the commonweal by working for their daily honey. When they need those services which none but the drones can perform, they let them live in idleness and feed luxuriously. But as the good deeds of the latter are of that class which "in doing pay themselves," those who benefit by them think that they owe the doers no thanks, and therefore, when they no longer need them, send them adrift, or if they will not go, sacrifice them without mercy or remorse. And this—be it known to all whom it may concern (and those are not a few)—this is the very essence of natural justice.'

*August.*—Of London what shall we say, at this only one of its seasons when it has

nothing to say for itself? when even the most immovable of its citizens become migratory for at least a month, and permit their wives and daughters to play the parts of mermaids on the shores of Margate, while they themselves pore over the evening papers all the morning, and over the morning ones all the evening?—when 'Change Alley makes a transfer of half its (live) stock every Saturday to the Steine at Brighton, to be returnable by Snow's coaches on Monday morning?—nay, when even the lawyers' clerks themselves begin to grow romantic, and, neglecting their accustomed evening haunts at the Cock in Fleet Street, Offley's, and the Cider Cellar, permit themselves to be steamed down from Billingsgate to Broadstairs, where they meditate moonlight sonnets to their absent Seraphinas (not without an eye to half-a-guinea each in the magazines), beginning with "Oh, come unto these yellow sands!"

*September.*—As for the fruit garden, that is one scene of tempting profusion. Against the wall, the grapes have put on that transparent look which indicates their complete ripeness, and have dressed their cheeks in that delicate bloom which enables them to bear away the bell of beauty from all their rivals.—The peaches and nectarines have become fragrant, and the whole wall where they hang is "musical with bees."—Along the espaliers, the rosy-cheeked apples look out from among their leaves, like laughing children peeping at each other through screens of foliage; and the young standards bend their straggling boughs to the earth with the weight of their produce.'

'Let us not forget to add, that there is one part of London which is never out of season, and is never more in season than now. Covent Garden Market is still the garden of gardens; and as there is not a month in all the year in which it does not contrive to belie something or other that has been said in the foregoing pages, as to the particular season of certain flowers, fruits, &c. so now it offers the flowers and the fruits of every season united. How it becomes possessed of all these, I shall not pretend to say: but thus much I am bound to add by way of information,—that those ladies and gentlemen who have country houses in the neighbourhood of Clapham Common or Camberwell Grove, may now have the pleasure of eating the best fruit out of their own gardens—provided they choose to pay the price of it in Covent Garden Market!'

*October.*—October is to London what April is to the country; it is the spring of the London summer, when the hopes of the shopkeeper begin to bud forth, and he lays aside the insupportable labour of having nothing to do, for the delightful leisure of preparing to be in a perpetual bustle. During the last month or two he has been strenuously endeavouring to persuade himself that the Steyne at Brighton is as healthy as Bond Street; the *paré* of Pall Mall no more picturesque than the pantiles of Tunbridge Wells; and winning a prize at one-card-loo at Margate as piquant a process as serving a customer to the same amount of profit. But now that the time is returned when "busi-

ness" must again be attended to, he discards with contempt all such mischievous heresies, and re-embraces the only orthodox faith of a London shopkeeper—that London and his shop are the true "beauteous and sublime" of human life. In fact, "now is the winter of his discontent" (that is to say, what other people call summer) "made glorious summer" by the near approach of winter; and all the wit he is master of is put in requisition, to devise the means of proving that everything he has offered to "his friends the public," up to this particular period, has become worse than obsolete. Accordingly, now are those poets of the shopkeepers, the inventors of patterns, "perplexed in the extreme;" since, unless they can produce a something which shall necessarily supersede all their previous productions, their occupation's gone.'

*November.*—Now, the shops begin to shine out with their new winter wares; though as yet the chief profits of their owners depend on disposing of the "summer stock" at fifty per cent. under prime cost.

'Now, the theatres, admonished by their no longer empty benches, try which shall be the first to break through that hollow truce on the strength of which they have hitherto been acting only on alternate nights.

'Now, during the first week, the citizens see visions and dream dreams, the burdens of which are barons of beef; and the first eight days are passed in a state of pleasing perplexity, touching their chance of a ticket for the lord mayor's dinner on the ninth.

'Now, all the little boys give thanks in their secret hearts to Guy Faux, for having attempted to burn "the Parliament" with "gunpowder, treason, and plot," since the said attempt gives them occasion to burn everything they can lay their hands on,—their own fingers included: a bonfire being, in the eyes of an English schoolboy, the true "beauteous and sublime of human life."

*December.*—There is no place so desolate as the orchard this month; for none of the fruit-trees have any beauty *as trees*, at their best; and now, they have not a leaf left to cover their unsightly nakedness.

'Not so with the kitchen garden; that, if it has been duly attended to, is full of interest this month,—especially by comparison with the scenes of decay and barrenness by which it is surrounded. The fruit trees on the walls are all nailed out with the most scrupulous regularity; and by them, as much as by anything else, may you now judge of the skill and assiduity of your gardener. Indeed this is of all others the month in which his merits are put to the test, and in which they often seem to vie with those of nature herself. Anybody may have a handsome garden from May to September; but only those who deserve one can have it from September to May. Now, then, the walls are all covered with their wide-spread fruit fans; the celery beds stretch out their unbroken lines of fresh-looking green; the late planted lettuces look trim and erect upon the sheltered borders where they are to stand the winter, and be ready, not to open, but to shut up their young hearts at the first warm breath of spring; the

green string lift their above the spread on fantastical from the necessary to state of modern themselves lar means relish the kale plant and, final (Mr. Bru logne, an may ventu bages the virtue of in fact, th a cabbage

*Ferdinand Sketch Student Ackern*

A PORT was publi annual, th ever, beca cation, an for twelve resting na really is. published few who the Forg chase the episode w work:—

'I tried piano: a flat, and mechanic motion. music to said I to whose an poor Fer —thy lot walls, er these wor spell-bou breathed 'A twelve oddity'— The thing lia hates towards her days— Ferdinand deliveran —bread a mutual lo ing my p aid in her "Pen being on despatch-minor op sheet.

'Farthe



green strings of autumn-sown peas scarcely lift their tender downward-turning stems above the dark soil; the hardy endives spread out their now full-grown heads of fantastically curled leaves, or stand tied up from the sun and air, doing the penance necessary to acquire for them that agreeable state of unhealthiness without which (like modern fine ladies who contrive to blanch themselves in a similar manner, and by similar means) our squeamish appetites could not relish them; the cauliflower, brocoli, and kale plants, maintain their unbroken ranks; and, finally, even the cabbages themselves (Mr. Brummel being self-banished to Boulogne, and therefore not within hearing, I may venture to say it), even the young cabbages themselves contrive to look genteel, in virtue of their as yet heartless state; which is in fact, the secret of all gentility, whether in a cabbage or a countess.

*Ferdinand Franck; an Auto-Biographical Sketch of the Youthful Days of a Musical Student.* 18mo. pp. 282. London, 1825. Ackermann.

A PORTION of this auto-biographical sketch was published in Mr. Ackermann's excellent annual, the *Forget Me Not*; the story, however, became too lengthened for that publication, and, besides, we do not like to be left for twelve months in the middle of an interesting narrative, and such Ferdinand Franck really is. We are glad Mr. Ackermann has published the tale separately, and, we think, few who have read the first portions of it in the *Forget Me Not*, will hesitate to purchase the whole complete. The following episode will perhaps give some idea of the work:—

"I tried in vain to beguile the time at the piano: every idea was sombre, disjointed, flat, and meagre; the fingers wandered about mechanically—the heart had no share in their motion. How distasteful, how sickening, is music to a mind ill at ease! "A rival!" said I to myself, "a favoured rival—a rival whose ancestor fought in the Crusades! Ah! poor Ferdinand, thy case is desperate indeed—thy lot miserable. Fly, fly these hateful walls, ere thou behold her once more." At these words I seized my hat; but I felt as if spell-bound. The rosy goddess, Hope, breathed her sweet harmonious whispers: "A twelvemonth's courtship!"—"the girl is an oddity"—"has the most singular notions." The thing is clear—clear as broad day; Amelia hates the major—a feeling of obedience towards her uncle—unhappy for the rest of her days—sacrificed to family pride!—Thou, Ferdinand, art the guardian angel sent for her deliverance—elope—distant climes—cottage—bread and the pure element, seasoned with mutual love;—Letter—ay, a letter declaring my passion, and offering my immediate aid in her rescue.

"Pen and paper, as if providentially sent, being on a side-table, I began the momentous despatch—with a large ugly blot, besides minor opaque satellites—bad omen—fresh sheet.

"My dear Miss Waldheim."

"Farther this deponent said not. All men-

tal emissions seemed hermetically sealed; not a rational idea for a beginning! And how indite a letter without a beginning?

"Pardon the boldness of one——" Here the bell rang below, a pair of boots and clattering spurs were heard cavalrily stalking out of the house: my "unpardonable boldness" had scarcely time to slink to the pocket of its owner, before Amelia opened the door.

"Excuse my making you wait, Mr. Franck, but I had a beau of mine to receive—Major Dornhoff, whose attentions are too marked and constant to be treated with neglect. He pays his respects daily and most chronometrically, just an hour before parade: but to-day he was behind his time, owing to an illness in his family; his Camilla has passed a very restless night; 'much fever—not eaten a morsel these four-and-twenty hours—the groom obliged to sit up with her all night: and, though somewhat composed this morning, the farrier still considers her in danger.'—Poor beast! don't you sympathize, Mr. Franck?"

"I envy the man whose very charger can awaken the sympathies of Miss Waldheim."

"No more than natural, Mr. Franck, as in duty bound: for the major, as the world will have it, is my intended."

"Heaven forbid!"

"Forbid, Mr. Franck? and what can be your objections?"

"Because the union must render Miss Waldheim unhappy for the rest of her days. Affection, I should apprehend, can have no share in it."

"Whatever foibles Major Dornhoff may possess, I assure you, Mr. Franck, he is a very good sort of a man; quite likely to make a woman comfortable in his way."

"If he treats her but half as well as his horses. But when there's no love, Miss Waldheim——"

"Well, and what then? I don't see why a woman should be over head and ears in love with a man before she marries him. This love, to be sure, must be a strange thing; something like the gout, I suppose,—nobody can fancy what it is till he has felt it: I wonder if ever I shall have a touch of the complaint. Just for a day or two, by way of knowing a little about it, I should not care."

"Miss Waldheim, then, has never experienced what it is?"

"Not that I know of: you, no doubt, have felt it, Mr. Franck?"

"And feel it deeply, intensely, Miss Waldheim, at this moment, when the heavenly object of my pure, of my——"

Amelia (shutting my lips with her hand, which I kissed fervently). "Not another word, Mr. Franck! We are growing too serious by half. Come, we were to try some songs against the *fête*. Here's one to begin with: Mozart's divine air, *Porgi Amore*—a favourite of my uncle's. That's the tempo, exactly!"

Every note of Amelia's beautiful voice was a killing dart, in my situation. Totally absorbed, I am unconscious what or how I played. Wretchedly, no doubt; for she stopped short in the midst of the air, and, after a minute's pause, burst out laughing:—

"So, Mr. Franck, you want me to sing *Porgi Amore* to the tune of *Ah Perdona!* for, without once looking at the notes, you have most skilfully contrived to slip from one air into the other."

"Pardon me, Miss Waldheim: my feelings were but little calculated for the task when I began; and the air, and the intense expression which you infused into every word and note, completed the work of destruction—unnerved, overwhelmed me."

"The noble creature *man*, the lord of the creation, unnerved by woman, a second edition of himself? overwhelmed by a mere song?"

"By sounds of heavenly sweetness, uttered with an emotion which—I cannot suppress the thought, Miss Waldheim—deeply shook my faith in your previous declaration. What! a stranger to love, and yet depict it with a feeling so true, so intense! Ah, no, Miss Waldheim! your heart feels it but too well; feels—for another more happy than——"

"As if the chubby well-fed friar could not preach an excellent sermon against good living. All matter of imitation—study and task-work. But since you doubt my sincerity, Mr. Franck, it were better we end a discussion which I fear has been already carried too far. Allow me to withdraw."

"Stay, for Heaven's sake, Miss Waldheim! grant me but another moment, to save me from despondency. The rash avowal of a passion I cannot control has justly drawn upon me your displeasure. Your forgiveness is all I ask. Your anger would forever seal my wretched doom."

"Anger, Mr. Franck! how can you think of such a thing? I do not see why a woman should be offended with a man for loving her. The utmost she is warranted in doing, would be to decline the offer courteously, without being obliged to state why and wherefore. But even upon this point you have had all the information I can give."

"You are right, Miss Waldheim; a happier rival——"

"You are wrong, Mr. Franck; there is no rival in the case."

"Major Dornhoff?"

"The poor major seems to haunt you as much as he does me. His courtship is persevering, it is true; and sanctioned, moreover, by my uncle. But to give you another proof of the sincerity you so much doubt, I frankly tell you my heart is free—free as the air which I breathe."

"These balmy words, Miss Waldheim, restore me to life. A fresh ray of hope gladdens my heart. But yet Major Dornhoff's assiduities——"

"Are tolerated, not encouraged. Not that he might not, for aught I know, make a very passable husband. He is a man of correct principles, and generally esteemed; but he loves himself, and, next to himself, his cattle, too dearly to have much affection to spare for a wife. He was to have come to take my uncle and me to town in his equipage; but when the time drew near, his whole equine establishment was pronounced unfit to venture, without imminent risk, a jour-



ney of a few German miles. Not to speak of poor Camilla, the valetudinarian, Vesta had sore eyes and Lucretia a running of the nose, which rendered it impossible for the dear creatures to encounter the bleak easterly winds."

"Monstrous! unpardonable! Ah, Miss Waldheim! how I should have flown to the delightful task! My life, my last breath, I am ready to resign for your sake."

"That would be a sad thing too, on both sides, I should imagine; but jesting aside, Mr. Franck, you must think of some other choice. In the first place, I feel no inclination whatsoever to submit to the bonds of Hymen. My heart is free, as I have told you already, and free it shall remain, at least as long as I can help it: but what is more, void as I myself may feel, and certainly do feel, of anything bordering upon aristocratic notions, my uncle's ideas are quite the reverse; to none but a union with a noble family will his consent ever be obtained; and he is too good an uncle—he has too scrupulously discharged a father's duty—not to render it mine to comply with his wishes in that respect. Let me, therefore, beg it as a favour—"

"At these words, the arrival of two female friends was announced. I took my leave reluctantly; for I would fain have asked one more question, fain have prolonged the interview for ever. As I withdrew, Amelia, in a playful way, tapped my shoulder, and said, "Now mind you behave well, Mr. Franck, and do not pine like a wo-begone knight-errant. We remain friends, I hope: why should there not be friendship between the two sexes, without rings and bans?"

"On crossing the hall, a servant handed me a sealed parcel containing the score of the ballet; which, however, remained but a short time in my possession, as, through Baron Dohm's influence, the day for the opera rehearsal was changed, and the impediment to Mr. Bauer's attending at Monplaisir removed."

BRADY'S VARIETIES OF LITERATURE.  
(Concluded from p. 794.)

HAVING already explained the nature of this work, and described its character, nothing remains for us but to confirm our remarks by a few additional extracts, which we shall not classify, because, as we have before stated, classification is unnecessary. They are illustrative of some peculiar customs, derivations, proverbs, &c.:

"On the Tapis."—"The affair is on the tapis," or "carpet," is borrowed from the House of Peers, where the table used to be, and probably still is, covered with a carpet."

"Ceremony of the Boar's Head."—At a time when fresh meats were seldom eaten, brawn was considered as a great delicacy. It is well known that the boar's head soured was anciently the first dish on Christmas Day, and was carried up to the principal table in the hall with great state and solemnity. Holinshed says that, in the year 1170, upon the day of the young prince's coronation, King Henry I. "served his sonne at table as sewer, bringing up the boar's head with trumpets be-

fore it, according to the manner." For this indispensable ceremony, as also for others of that season, there was a carol, which Wynkyn de Worde has given us as it was sung in his time, with the title, A Carol, bringing in the Bore's Head:—

*'Caput Apri defero  
Reddens Laudes Domino.*

The bore's head in hande bringe I  
With garlandes gay, and rosemarye.  
I pray you all, sing merely.

*Qui estis in convivio.*

The bore's head, I understande,  
Is the chefe servyce in this lande;  
Looke, wherever it be fonde

*Servite cum cantico.*

Be gladde, lordes, both more and lesse,  
For this hath ordayne our stewarde  
To chere you all this Christmasse,  
The bore's head with mustarde.

"This carol, says Mr. Warton, is retained at Queen's College, in Oxford, though with many innovations."

"Methodists."—In a collection of old sermons, which were printed at London, in the year 1640, is the following passage:—

"Where are now our anabaptists and plaine packstaffe methodists, who esteeme of all flowers of rhetoricke in sermons no better than stinking weedes, and of all the elegancies of speech than of profane spells?"

"It hence appears highly probable there was a sect of Christians in England, at that time, who went by the name of methodists, though it is generally thought that this term was first applied in England to Mr. John Wesley and his followers."

"English Slavery."—It is a curious fact, that so late as the year 1283, the slave-trade must have existed in England, as may be seen by the annals of Dunstaple, wherein is the following passage:—

"This year we sold our slave by birth, William Pike, and all his family, and received one mark from the buyer."

"Miss."—This word was brought into particular use about the year 1662. Evelyn, in his Diary, says:—"January 9th, 1662, I saw performed the third part of the Siege of Rhodes. In this acted the fair and famous comedian, called "*Roxolana*," from the part which she played; and I think it was the last, she being taken for the Earl of Oxford's 'Miss,' as at this time they began to call lewd women."

"Sir-Loin—Sur-Loin."—Surloin is, I conceive (if not knighted by King James, [Charles] as reported), compounded of the French *sur*, upon, and the English *loin*, for the sake of euphony. In proof of this, the piece of beef so called grows on the loin and behind the small ribs of the animal.

"The story of the knighting, as there is not much reason in it, may here, perhaps, with great propriety follow in rhyme:—

'As once returning from the chace,  
The second Charles, the merry king—  
The glories of whose sacred race,  
The muse shall ever love to sing;

'Now wearied with the sport he loved,  
And faint with toil, and faint with heat,  
Dejected looked, and slowly moved,  
And longed to rest, and longed to eat;

'Sudden before his wandering eyes,  
A banquet unexpected stood;  
The monarch gazed with glad surprise,  
And 'gan to taste the welcome food.  
'Proud of his loved, his royal guest,  
The nobles host, a gallant lord,  
With various dainties graced his feast,  
And gay profusion crowned the board.  
'But high above the rest appeared  
The hung'ring Britons' old relief;  
Its mighty bulk exalting reared  
The yet unhonoured loin of beef.  
'With ravished eye the king beheld,  
Eat as he ne'er had eat before;  
Too soon the rage of hunger quelled,  
And grieved that he could eat no more.  
'But soon, with mighty spirits gay,  
Such as from beef alone could spring,  
The mighty pleasure to repay,  
Aloud proclaimed the enraptured king:  
"Be thou for ever loved and great!  
As my delight be thy just fame;  
Thy praises every tongue repeat,  
And *sir* eternal grace thy name."  
'He said, and drew the royal sword;  
The applauding crowd uprose around;  
'Sir Loin!" with acclamations roared,  
And distant echoes caught the sound'

Perhaps no part of this volume is more interesting than the editor's own account of the derivation of the names of the principal market towns in ten counties, compiled with much research and ability. From this portion of the work we shall make a few extracts. In the account of Penzance, we find the following anecdote:—

"About the year 1587, when the Spanish armada was hovering on the coast, a company of strollers were performing a dramatic piece called *Sampson*, in a barn, at Penryn. During the performance, some Spanish men-of-war having suddenly landed a body of men from their boats, they were in full and silent march (in the dark), with design to surprise, plunder, and burn the town; when, fortunately for the inhabitants, just at that very instant, the players in the town, having let *Sampson* loose to fall on the Philistines, the sound of drums and trumpets, and the tremendous shout set up by the spectators, being heard by the Spanish detachment, they apprehended that the townsmen were coming down upon them in great force, and, overcome with the first impressions of the panic, the invaders turned tail, and scampered back precipitately to their ships."

"The people of Penryn had an annual procession in commemoration of this signal service, derived accidentally from a dramatic performance."

At Lestwithiel, a very singular custom prevailed in the days of popery, but it has been long discontinued:—

"On Low Sunday, the freeholders of the town and manor assembled in an adjoining field, and from amongst them one was chosen, whom they dressed in the most sumptuous manner, with a crown on his head, a sceptre in his hand, and, being mounted on a fine horse, a sword of state was carried before him, while all the freeholders walked in procession through the principal street to the church. When he arrived at the great gate, the curate, dressed in his best robes, received

him, and in the church he repaired to a house, a feast was sitting at served by ing, together usually shod  
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torians con this extrao modestly which has truth than met with.

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"On th women, n ance Lloy Edwards, having be for witchc were the rant statu crimes of county. throughou evidence tract of t nesses:—

"The that, upon Grace Th to have be then lodg house, an pricking p informant served she had been said prick prick of ant, upon



him, and conducted him to a princely seat in the church to hear mass. This being over, he repaired, in the same pompous manner, to a house provided for that purpose, where a feast was made for all his attendants, he sitting at the head of the table, and being served by the principal townsmen, kneeling, together with all other marks of respect usually shown to regal dignity.

Various have been the conjectures of historians concerning the origin and meaning of this extraordinary ceremony. Mr. Spencer modestly offers the following explanation, which has certainly greater appearance of truth than that of any other writer we have met with.

"As Cornwall was long an earldom, under the west Saxon kings, and as earls were obliged to reside in their own districts, possibly, when a new one was appointed, or a minor arrived at maturity, the Sunday after Easter was the time fixed for his entering upon the office, and taking possession of the estate. But it may be objected, why did he wear a crown, with other marks of regal dignity? We answer, that long after the Conquest, namely, in 1350, Cornwall was made a duchy, or subordinate regality, to be held by the Princes of Wales, for ever, and, at their demise, by the king. But few of those princes having visited the county after the death of Edward III., and the people being accustomed to those processions on the arrival of their chief, whom they considered as their sovereign, and likewise when his deputy came annually to administer justice, continued to keep up the custom; till it was utterly laid aside, as tending to promote idleness and create luxury."

The derivation and description of each town is generally accompanied with some anecdote. Exeter supplies the following, but we suspect there is an error, in stating the last capital punishment for witchcraft in 1682; we think there are much later instances:—

"On the 25th August, 1682, three poor women, natives of Bidford, named Temperance Lloyd, Mary Kembles, and Susannah Edwards, were executed at Heavitree, after having been tried and convicted at the Castle for witchcraft. This is remarkable, as they were the last who suffered under the ignorant statutes enacted against the supposed crimes of sorcery and witchcraft in this county. Their trial made a great noise throughout the country, and the nature of the evidence may be seen from the following extract of the deposition of one of the witnesses:—

"The said informant upon her oath saith, that, upon the second day of July, the said Grace Thomas (one of the persons supposed to have been under the power of witchcraft), then lodging in this informant's husband's house, and hearing her complain of great pricking pains in one of her knees, she, this informant, did see her said knee, and observed she had nine places in her knee which had been pricked; and that every one of the said pricks was as though it had been the prick of a thorn. Whereupon this informant, upon the 2nd of July, did demand of

the said Temperance Lloyd, whether she had any wax or clay in the form of a picture, whereby she pricked and tormented the said Grace Thomas; unto which the said Temperance made answer, that she had no wax or clay, but confessed that she had only a piece of leather, which she had pricked nine times."

With the following we conclude:—

'Lamborn takes its appellation from a small river of the same name, which is remarkable for being high in the summer and low in the winter, and falls into the Kennet, below Newbury.

'Near this town is the most remarkable antiquity in Berkshire, of which the following is, we believe, a very accurate description:—

"White-Horse Hill is about two miles to the north of Lamborn, on the summit of which is a large Roman intrenchment, called Uffington Castle, from its overlooking the village of Uffington, in an adjacent valley; and a little below this fortification, on a steep side of the same hill, facing the north-west, is the figure of a white horse, the dimensions of which are extended over about an acre of ground. Its head, neck, body, and tail, consists of one white line, as does also each of its four legs. The lines are formed by trenches cut in the chalks, two or three feet in depth, and about ten feet in breadth. The chalk of the trench being of a brighter colour than the surrounding turf of the hill, the whole figure, when the mid-day sun darts its rays on it, is visible at more than twelve miles distance. A white horse is known to have been the Saxon standard, and some have thence supposed, that this figure was made by Hengist, one of the Saxon kings. But Mr. Wise, the author of a letter on this subject, addressed to Dr. Mead, and published in 1738, brings several arguments to prove that this figure was formed by order of Alfred, during the reign of Ethelred, his brother, as a monument of his victory gained over the Danes in the year 871, at Ashdown, now called Ashen, or Ashbury Park, the seat of Lord Craven, near Ashbury, not far from this hill. Others, however, suppose it to have been partly the effect of accident, and partly the works of the shepherds; who, observing a rude figure somewhat resembling a horse—as there are, in the veins of wood and stone, many figures that resemble trees, caverns, and other objects—reduced it by degrees to a more regular figure.

'But, however this be, it has been a custom immemorial for the neighbouring peasants to assemble on a certain day about midsummer, to clear away the weeds from this white horse, and trim the edges, to preserve its colour and shape, which they call scouring the horse; after which, the evening is spent in mirth and festivity. To the north of this hill there is a long valley, extending to the western side of the county where it borders upon Wiltshire, as far as Wantage, which, from this hill, is called the Vale of the White Horse, and is the most fruitful part of the country."

We are glad to find that Mr. Brady intends to continue his derivations of places in a future volume, which, if executed with the

same diligence and talent he has displayed in this one, will be valuable and interesting.

*The Progresses, Processions, and Magnificent Entertainments of King James I., his Consort, Family, and Court.* By JOHN NICHOLS, F.S.A., &c. 4to. Parts V. VI. and VII.

WE have more than once had occasion to call the attention of our readers to this work, the fifth, sixth, and seventh parts of which have just appeared; they are not mere dry itineraries of the journeyings of the British Solomon and his court, but present a succession of curious details illustrative of the history, topography, character, and customs of the times. These are collected with unremitting industry, from sources widely scattered, and some of which are only accessible to a few persons. With these remarks, we shall make a few extracts.

We do not know what the ringers of our churches get now on joyful occasions, but we are sure they are better paid than in the time of James I. when we find that 'the ringers of St. Margaret's, Westminster, were paid 2s. 6d. on the 16th of October (1604) for ringing when the king came to town.'

Mr. Nichols gives a curious picture of the king and court, in an account of the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert, from a letter written at the time, by Sir Dudley Carleton, who says:—

"On St. John's day we had the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert and the Lady Susan performed at Whitehall, with all the honour could be done a great favourite. The court was great; and for that day put on the best bravery. The prince and Duke of Holst led the bride to church; the queen followed her from thence. The king gave her; and she in her tresses and trinkets bridled and bridled it so handsomely, and indeed became herself so well, that the king said, 'If he were unmarried, he would not give her, but keep her himself.' The marriage dinner was kept in the great chamber, where the prince and the Duke of Holst, and the great lords and ladies, accompanied the bride. The Ambassador of Venice was the only bidden guest of strangers, and he had place above the Duke of Holst, which the duke took not well. But after dinner he was as little pleased himself, for, being brought into the closet to retire himself, he was then suffered to walk out, his supper unthought of. At night there was a mask in the hall, which for conceit and fashion, was suitable to the occasion. The actors were, the Earl of Pembroke, the Lord Willoughby, Sir Samuel Hays, Sir Thomas Germain, Sir Robert Carey, Sir John Lee, Sir Richard Preston, and Sir Thomas Bager. There was no small loss that night of chaines and jewels, and many great ladies were made shorter by the skirts, and were very well served that they could keep cut no better. The presents of plate and other things given by the noblemen were valued at £2500; but that which made it a good marriage was a gift of the king's of £500 land, for the bride's jointure. They were lodged in the councill-chamber, where the king, in his shirt and night-gown, gave



them a *reveille matin* before they were up, and spent a good time in or upon the bed; chuse which you will believe. No ceremony was omitted of bride-cakes, points, garters, and gloves, which have been ever since the livery of the court; and at night there was sewing into the sheet, casting off the bride's left hose, with many other petty sorceries."

The whole of Ben Jonson's *Masque of Blackness*, together with many other scarce tracts, as well as original documents, are printed in Mr. Nichols's work; we shall, however, next quote an account of royal amusements in 1605:—

"This spring of the yeare the kinge builded a wall, and filled up with earth all that part of the mote or ditch about the west sid of the lion's den, and appoynted a drawing partition to be made towards the south part thereof, the one part thereof to serve for the breeding lionesse when she shall have whelps, and the other part thereof for a walke for other lions. The kinge caused also three trap doores to bee made in the wall of the lion's den, for the lions to goe into their walke at the pleasure of the keeper, which walke shall bee maintayned and kept for especiall place to baight the lyons with dogges, beares, bulles, bores, &c.—Munday, June 3, in the afternoone, his majestie, beeing accompanied with the Duke of Lenox, the Earles of Worcester, Pembroke, Southampton, Suffolke, Devonshire, Salisbury, and Mountgomery, and Lord Heskin, Captayne of his Highnesse Guard, with many knights and gentlemen of name, came to the lion's tower, and, for that time, was placed over the platforme of the lyons, because as yet, the two galleries were not builded, the one of them for the king and great lords, and the other for speciall personages.

"The king being placed as aforesayde, commaunded Master Raph Gyll, keeper of the lyons, that his servants should put forth into the walke the male and female breeders, but the lyons woulde not goe out by any ordinary meanes that could be used, neither would they come neere the trap doore untill they were forced out with burning linkes, and when they were come downe into the walke, they were both amazed, and stood looking about them, and gazing up into the ayre; then was there two rackes of mutton throwne unto them, which they did presently cate; then was there a lusty live cocke cast unto them, which they presently killed and sucked his blood; then was there another live cocke cast unto them, which they likewise killed, but sucked not his blood. After that the kinge caused a live lambe to be easily let downe unto them by a rope, and being come to the ground, the lambe lay upon his knees, and both the lyons stode in their former places, and only beheld the lamb, but presently the lamb rose up and went unto the lyons, who very gently looked upon him and smelled on him without signe of any further hurt; then the lambe was very softly drawne up againe in as good plight as hee was let downe.

"Then they caused those lyons to be put into their denne, and another male lion only to be put forth, and two lusty mastiffes, at a

by doore, to be let into him, and they flew fiercely upon him, and perceiving the lion's necke to be so defended with hayre they could not hurt him, fought onely to bite him by the face, and did so; then was there a third dogge let in as fierce as the fiercest one of them, a brended dogge tooke the lion by the face, and turned him upon his backe; but the lion spoyled them all, the best dogge died the next day."

Under the date of 1605 we are told—

"On Tuesday the 20th, the king and queen were entertained at Hanwell, by Sir Anthony Cope; and on the same day the king visited Sir William Pope, at Wroxton. "At this place," says Warton, "Sir William Pope was visited, but probably in the old abbey-house, by James I., in a progress; where he entertained the king with the fashionable and courtly diversions of hawking and bear-baiting. At the same time his lady having been lately delivered of a daughter, the babe was presented to the king, holding the following humorous epigram in her hand, with which his majesty was highly pleased:—

"See this little mistress here  
Did never sit in Peter's chair,  
Or a triple crown did wear,  
And yet she is a Pope.  
No benefice she ever sold,  
Nor did dispencc with sins for gold;  
She hardly is a sevennight old,  
And yet she is a Pope.  
No king her feet did ever kiss,  
Or had from her worse look then this;  
Nor did she ever hope,  
To saint one with a rope,  
And yet she is a Pope.  
A female Pope, you'll say; a second Joan!  
No, sure; she is Pope Innocent, or none."

It was formerly a custom at court for the nobility and others to present new-year's gifts to the sovereign, who, in return, made them some present. Old Bishop Latimer sent Henry VIII. the New Testament, with an admonition which that king would have probably resented from any other person. Queen Elizabeth was rather avaricious in the way of new-year's gifts, and the custom seems to have been at its height in the reign of James the First, a list of whose new-year's gifts given and received is printed by Mr. Nichols. The highest sums presented to his majesty were £40 each, from the Duke of Lenox and the Archbishop of Canterbury, when the former received from the king fifty, and the latter, fifty-five ounces of gilt plate. Among the humbler offerings were boxes of lozenges and 'dry confections,' pots of orange-flowers, a pot of 'greene ginger,' embroidered mittens, perfumed gloves, books, bottles of 'ypocras,' &c. &c.

Mr. Nichols gives an account of Ben Jonson's *Masque of Hymen*, from a scarce copy; the following letter, from the Colloman MSS. however, is much shorter, and gives a good picture of court amusements at the time. It is from Mr. John Pory to Sir Robert Cotton, and is dated January, 1605-6:—

"Ever since your departure I have been very unfit to learn anything, because my hearing (which Aristotle calls *sensus cruditio-nis*) hath, by an accidental cold, been almost taken from me; which makes me very unso-

ciable, and to keep within doors; yet not in such a retired fashion but that I have seen the Mask on Sunday, and the Barriers on Monday night. The bridegroom carried himself so gravely and gracefully as if he were of his father's age. He had greater gifts given him than my Lord of Montgomery had; his plate being valued at £3000, and his jewels, money, and other gifts, at £1000 more. But to return to the Mask; both Inigo, Ben, and the actors, men and women, did their parts with great commendation. The concert or soul of the Mask was Hymen bringing in a bride, and Juno, Pronuba's priest, a bridegroom, proclaiming that these two should be sacrificed to nuptial union. And here the poet made an apostrophe to the Union of the Kingdoms. But before the sacrifice should be performed, Ben Jonson turned the globe of the earth, standing behind the altar, and within the concave sat the eight men-maskers representing the four Humours and the four Affections, who leaped forth to disturb the sacrifice to Union. But, amidst their fury, Reason, that sat above them all, crowned with burning tapers, came down and silenced them. These eight, together with Reason, their moderatress, mounted above their heads, sat somewhat like the ladies in the scallop-shell the last year. About the globe of earth hovered a middle region of clouds, in the centre whereof stood a grand concert of musicians, and upon the cantons or horns sat the ladies, four at one corner and four at another, who descended upon the stage, not after the stale downright perpendicular fashion, like a bucket into a well, but came gently sloping down. These eight, after the sacrifice was ended, represented the eight nuptial powers of Juno Pronuba, who came down to confirm the union. The men were clad in crimson, and the women in white. They had every one a white plume of the richest heron's feathers, and were so rich in jewels upon their heads as was most glorious. I think they hired and borrowed all the principal jewels, and ropes of pearls, both in court and city. The Spanish ambassador seemed but poor to the meanest of them. They danced all the variety of dances, both severally and *promiscue*; and then the women and men, as namely, the prince, who danced with as great perfection and as settled a majesty as could be devised, the Spanish ambassador, the archduke's ambassador, the duke, &c. And the men gleaned out of the queen, the bride, and the greatest of the ladies. The second night the Barriers were also well performed, by sixteen against sixteen, the Duke of Lenox being chieftain on one side, and my Lord of Sussex on the other."

In the account of King James's residence at Greenwich, we have the following curious 'challenge of the knights-errant,' dated Greenwich, June 1, 1606:—

"To the Right Hon. the Earl of ———.

"Knowing the delight your lordship was wont to take in the sports of court, whether as beholder or actor, I thought I should not importune your honour, in sending you the challenge of the errant knights, proclaimed with sound of trumpet before the palace-gate of Greenwich.

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"To all honourable men of arms and knights adventurers of hereditary note and exemplary nobleness, that, for most maintainable actions, do wield their swords or lances in the quest of glory.

"Right, brave, and chevalrous! where-soever through the world we four knights-errant, denominated of the Fortunate Island, servants of the destinies, awaken your sleeping courages with Mavortial greetings: Know ye that our sovereign lady and mistress, mother of the fates and empress of high achievements, revolving of late the adamantine leaves of her eternal volumes, and finding in them that the triumphal times were now at hand, wherein the marvellous adventures of the lucent pillar should be revealed, to the wonder of times and men (as Merlin, secretary to the most inward designs, did long since prophesy), hath therefore (most deeply weighing with herself how necessary it is that sound opinions should prepare the way to so unheard-of a marvel) been pleased to command us her voluntary, but ever most humble votaries, solemnly to publish and maintain, by all the allowed ways of knightly arguing, these four indisputable propositions following: 1. That in service of ladies no knight hath free-will. 2. That it is beauty maintaineth the world in valour. 3. That no fair lady was ever false. 4. That none can be perfectly wise but lovers. Against which, or any of which, if any of you shall dare to argue at point of lance and sword in honourable lists, before rarest beauty and best judgments: then again know you, that we the said four champions shall, by the high sufferance of Heaven and virtue of our knightly valour, be ready, at the valley of Mirefleure, constantly to answer and make perfect our imposed undertakings against all such of you as shall, within forty days after the first publick intimation of our universal challenge, arrive to attend the glorious issue of the thrice-famous adventure of the lucent pillar, in which prizes are reserved and ordained (by the happy fate of our country and crown) for three several succeeding days of trial at tilt, tourney, and at barriers. The maintainers of the four positions are,

"The Earl of Lenox the first.

"The Earl of Arundel the second.

"The Earl of Pembroke the third.

"The Earl of Montgomery the fourth.

"The King of Denmark is expected here daily, for whose entertainment this challenge appeareth to be given forth, who, if his courage answer his fame, will not be an idle onlooker to such pastimes, which I would wish your lordship to see, at least in *speculo constellato*."

"The following letter, dated "Greenwich, June 28," is preserved by Drummond:—

"It was not in my default, but of the matter itself, that I wrote unto your lordship the event of the challenge of the errant knights. A gentleman told me he heard of it in the court of France. It is answered, but in words, yet well to this purpose:—

"To the errant knights of the Fortunate Islands, servant-men to the destinies, awakening our ever-awake courages with their Mavortial greetings:—

"Most tonitruous astonishing chevaliers! Reknow ye, that we of hereditary and fee-simple blood, and undegenerating valour to *Doucet del Phabus, Amadis de Gaul, Palmerin de Oliva, and Ascuper le Hague*, rather by the bonds of your challenge than by the show of your meanings, have echoed in the vault of our understanding the volley of your desires, and do allow you this for answer. We confidently entertain your challenge with your circumstance proposed already, seeing the event in the cause; for old-defended virtue of women is expired; and men, overcome with women, are made less than themselves, and far inferior to the valour of uneffeminate knights. We are sorry that any, in the shape or apparel of valour, should either be so short of experience, or so unable to bring to their wills their knowledges, as to undertake the long-forsaken cause of a sex that have spent all their virtue, which is sullied by falsehood, to the abuse of their own defenders; at the first their minds drew wrath and judgment, and now their bodies draw passion into a blind adventure. Wherefore we deny your assertions, being assured of these truths which tread down your fancies; and these ours, in peace and pity, we offer to your second considerations, which, otherwise, if you believe not, will prove themselves masters of you and yours. 1. That a man at the years of discretion hath his love in his own hand. 2. That beauty melteth valour, and maketh the tongue far readier than the sword. 3. That fairest ladies are falsest, having fairest occasions. 4. That to love and to be wise were ever two men's parts. Against you, armed with the truth of these, we shall come with sharp arguments, not doubting to beat Falsehood into her darkness, unable to endure the beams of the lucent pillar; the mystery whereof, &c., vaunt we honour. Expect us, therefore, if your rash heat consume not before performance.

"The king, not without laughter, can see, read the challenge, and put the noblemen defenders in expectation to be answered. But the answerers have not appeared."

*Historical Notices of the Collegiate Church, or Royal Free Chapel and Sanctuary of St. Martin-le-Grand, London; formerly occupying the Site now appropriated to the New General Post Office; chiefly founded on Authentic and hitherto Incited Manuscript Documents, &c. &c. By ALFRED JOHN KEMPE. Illustrated with Engravings. 8vo. pp. 212. London, 1825. Longman and Co.; Nichols and Co.*

If the ecclesiastical antiquary may breathe a sigh that the venerable church of St. Katharine should be demolished, and the bones that moulder in its hallowed ground be profanely dug up to form an additional dock for the increasing commerce of the port of London, he will have no such cause of regret at seeing a magnificent pile of granite for the New Post Office rise upon the ruins of the ancient collegiate Church of St. Martin-le-Grand. Its walls had long ago been rased to the ground, and the buildings which occupied their place had become a receptacle for devotees of the cyprian order, so as to render it

desirable, we had almost said necessary, to cleanse it from its pollutions.

Still, however, the collegiate church of St. Martin-le-Grand may claim the attention of the antiquary and the historian, even when the last stone of its venerable remains is dislodged, and all tangible evidence of its existence is for ever obliterated; as such we are much indebted to Mr. Kempe for presenting us with annals of this church, derived from unpublished manuscript authorities, at once new and faithful; and collected and arranged with considerable ability as well as industry.

As to the period when this church was founded there is no certain record; certain it is that it existed before the time of Ingelric and his brother Girard, who are designated by the Conqueror's charter as its founders; and that there was a building appropriated to the worship of God on the site of St. Martin-le-Grand by the early Christians there seems no doubt; we do not, however, profess to follow our author in his historical account of the venerable pile, but shall merely observe that it is curious, valuable, and interesting. The church of St. Martin-le-Grand was famous as a place of sanctuary, and this has induced Mr. Kempe to give an interesting notice of this ancient privilege, which we quote:—

"Sanctuary is said, by ancient writers, to have been first established in this island by Lucius, King of Britain, who is reported to have lived in the third century of the Christian era, but whose very existence is apocryphal. Spelman states that Pope Boniface the Fifth was the first who commanded altars and palaces to be places of refuge for offenders. This was probably in imitation of the ordinance of Moses, which appointed three cities as a refuge for him "who should kill his neighbour unawares."

"There were two kinds of sanctuary, one of a temporary and limited, another of a permanent and general nature.

"Sanctuary appears at first to have been only intended to afford a temporary refuge for criminals until they could compromise their offence with their accusers; almost every crime, except malicious homicide, being under the Saxon laws redeemable for money.

"In a council held under Ina, King of the West Saxons, A. D. 698, it was decreed, that if any one guilty of a capital crime took refuge in a church, his life should be spared, but that he should, notwithstanding, make such amends as the justice of his case might require; if his offence was of a nature only punishable with stripes, the stripes should be forgiven him. By the laws of King Alfred (A. D. 887) it was ordained, that if a man were guilty of a small offence, and fled to a church which did not belong to the king or the family of a private person, he should be allowed three nights to provide for himself, unless he could in the mean time make his peace. If any one, during that period of immunity, should presume to inflict on him either bonds or blows, the person so violating the privilege of sanctuary, should pay the price set on the life of a man by the laws of



the country, and also 120s. to the officiating ministers of the church.

'If the ministers had need of their church in the mean time for holy offices, of the benefit of which a criminal, under such circumstances, it is presumed, had no right to partake, he was to be put into a house which had no more doors in it than the church itself, in order that he should not acquire, by the exchange, a better chance of escape; "the Elder," as he is termed, or civil warden of the church, taking care that no sustenance should be afforded to him. But if he would "surrender himself and his weapons to his accusers," that is, I conceive, make such submission as might convince them that he would seek no farther occasion of doing them injury, he was to be preserved harmless for *thirty nights*, and then delivered to his kinsmen. So that it may be inferred, the privilege of sanctuary was at first intended simply to preserve a criminal from that summary revenge which might, in the heat of the moment, be taken by an injured party, and to allow his friends to make the best terms for him in their power. It was also further decreed, that whoever should fly to a church and confess, from a penitential reverence of the Deity, any crime of which he had been guilty, half the penalty of such crime should be remitted to him.

'On the whole, therefore, it may be concluded, that from the time of the Saxon kings, under certain modifications, churches and churchyards were a refuge for offenders, and the privilege of the temporary sanctuary afforded by them may be stated as follows.

'To those guilty of sacrilege or treason, it was for obvious reasons denied. Within the space of forty days the person who had embraced the sanctuary afforded by churches and their precincts was to clothe himself in sackcloth, confess his crime before the coroner, solemnly abjure the realm, and, taking a cross in his hand, repair to an appointed port, embark, and quit the country. If apprehended or brought back in his way thither, within forty days he had a right to plead his privilege of sanctuary, and to claim a free passage.

'If the offender neglected this appeal to the coroner, and remained in the sanctuary after the forty days limited, it became felony for any one to afford him sustenance.

'The coroner was to take the abjuration of the criminal at the church door, in the following form, which acquaints us with some curious particulars.

"This hear thou, Sir Coroner, that I, M of H., am a stealer of sheep, or of any other beast, or a murderer of one or more, and because I have done many such evils and robberies in this land, I do abjure the land of our Lord Edward, King of England, and I shall haste me towards the port of such a place which thou hast given me; and that I shall not go out of the highway, and if I do, I will that I be taken as a robber and a felon of our lord the king; and that at such place I will diligently seek for passage, and that I will tarry there but one flood and ebb, if I can have passage; and unless I can have it in such a place, I will go every day

into the sea up to my knees, assaying to pass over, and unless I can do this within forty days, I will put myself again into the church, as a robber and a felon of our lord the king, so God me help and His holy judgment."

'In an ancient law book is the following particular account of the privilege of temporary sanctuary, by which it further appears that it was not indiscriminate. "If any one fly to sanctuary and there demand protection, we are to distinguish; for if he be a common thief, robber, murderer, night-walker, and be known for such a one, and discovered by the people, and of his pledges and denizers, or if any one be convict for debt or other offence upon his own confession, and hath forjured the realm, or hath been exiled, banished, outlawed, or waived, or joined upon this hope to be defended in sanctuary, they may take him out thence, without any prejudice of the franchise of sanctuary. But in the right of offenders, who, by mischance, fall into an offence mortal out of sanctuary, and for their true repentance, run to monasteries, and commonly confess themselves sorrowful, King Henry II., at Clarendon, granted unto them, that they should be defended by the church for the space of forty days, and ordained that the towns should defend such flyers for the whole forty days, and send them to the coroner at the coroner's view."

'This authority farther states, that it was at the election of the offenders "to yield to the law; or to acknowledge his offence to the coroner and the people, and to waive the law; and if he yield himself to be tried by law, he is to be sent to the gaol, and to wait for either acquittal or condemnation; and if he confess a mortal offence, and desire to depart the realm, he is to go from the end of the sanctuary ungirt, in pure sackcloth, and there swear that he will keep the straight way to such a port or such a passage which he hath chosen, and will stay in no parts two nights together, until that for this mortal offence which he hath confessed in the hearing of the people he hath avoided the realm, never to return during the king's life, without leave, so God him help, and the holy Evangelists; and afterwards let him take the sign of the cross and carry the same, and the same is as much as if he were in the protection of the church, and if any one remain in the sanctuary above the forty days, by so doing, he is barred the grand abjuration, if the fault be in him, after which time it is not lawful for any one to give him victuals.

"And although such be out of the peace of the king, yet none ought to dishearten them, all one as if they were in protection of the church, if they be not found out of the highway, wilfully breaking their oaths, or to do other mischief in the highway."

'The statutes of Edward the Second recite that those who had sought refuge in churches were sometimes watched so closely in the churchyards by armed men, that they could not procure any sustenance, nor depart from the hallowed ground "*causa superflui depouendi*;" on their declaration that they abjured, it was directed that they should be al-

lowed liberty for these purposes, and be considered in the king's peace.

'So much for the temporary sanctuary afforded by churches and consecrated ground.

'The general sanctuaries (all, I apprehend, first privileged by the Saxon monarchs) carried their protection to a farther extent, affording it even to treason, and it was also permanent or without limitation of time. The king's grant alone was sufficient to exempt such places from the jurisdiction of temporal courts, but the pope's bull of confirmation was necessary to confer on them the title of sanctuaries. It was an exercise (however abused in an indiscriminate application) of the great prerogative of mercy, and had, perhaps, its origin in the peculiar sanctity of the king's court as the very seat of temporal justice and mercy. The saxon word *ænðræol*, implying a *sanctuary*, a *refuge*, a *place of peace*, is also employed to signify the king's palace itself.

'Probably many places, from having been at some remote period the residence of the king, or of persons endued with palatine rights, became in consequence endowed with a saving privilege. The ancient palace of Holyrood House and its precinct to this day give sanctuary to debtors. King Edmund declares by his laws, anno 946, that his house shall afford no shelter to a murderer, except he have first made satisfaction to God and the slain man's kindred.

'A bull was obtained from Pope Innocent VIII. in the following year, by which it was conceded, that thieves and murderers, if they issued out of sanctuary to commit depredations, might be apprehended in it. That persons entering into sanctuary to defraud their creditors should not be protected in their goods. That persons suspected or convicted of high treason, taking sanctuary, might be guarded, so as to be prevented from escaping from the sanctuary. This was confirmed by Alexander VI., in 1493.'

'Sanctuaries at length received their death blow in the time of James I.; for, by the act passed in the 21st of his reign, they were entirely annihilated: and it is not a little remarkable, that while he destroyed, on the one hand, a privilege of ill-applied mercy, he, on the other, sanctioned the most superstitious cruelty, by the re-enactment of the statute against witchcraft.'

As this work, though not very large, will afford us a second notice, we shall say—  
(To be concluded in our next.)

#### AN AUTUMN IN GREECE. (Concluded from p. 754).

WE have already spoken favourably of this work; indeed to those who wish to obtain an insight into the character and customs of the Greeks, the former part of it possesses considerable attractions; and to the political world, the latter portion, under the title of *Greece to the close of 1825*, will be a great acquisition. To this we shall now turn, at least as soon as we have said a few words more on the less political portion of Mr. Bulwer's work.

Our traveller arrived in Greece in October; after speaking of the striking contrast

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between the silence of the Olympic plains, now melancholy and deserted, and their jubilee in the old times of Greece, he says:

'What was the cause of so wonderful a change in the scene around me?—Time! A few years had rolled away, and all was as I found it. There is courage in the thought said I, as I rode on, "a few years more, perhaps, and Elis wears as gay a robe as heretofore."

On the second night after his arrival in Greece, Mr. Bulwer stopped at a village called *Αγίος Ιωάννης*; of his reception there, he says:—

'A wild and warlike group gathered around us on our entry, the men were armed up to the teeth, and it seemed singular to find ourselves alone with such savages, and not in danger.

'One of the soldiers conducted us to a large barn, where, he said, we might repose for the night; the whole village flocked in to gaze on us. . . . . A kid was killed at the threshold and roasted, without much culinary preparation, at the blazing fire kindled in our shed. Imagine Browne and myself stretched along our portmanteaus at one end of the hut, our kid roasting at the other; the flames lighting up, as they ascended from the hearth, the dark countenances, and gleaming on the savage arms of the crowd around it. Another group sitting cross-legged at some distance from the fire, looked wistfully at us, and carried on a conversation in whispers, filled, no doubt, with conjectures of what the devil we did there. Every now and then a wide laugh burst forth at the grotesque anxiety of Richard (the servant), who was busied over our promised repast, having insisted on being *chef de cuisine* on this occasion. Two or three female faces were indistinctly seen among the crowd, nor were the ladies the most gentle looking personages in our coterie. As yet I have seen no *χρυσός φανός* 'Hβη, nothing, I must confess, of the Grecian beauty, which we amuse ourselves in talking about.'

Speaking of the great fertility of parts of the country, and its general want of cultivation, he says:—

'Independent of the war, there are causes to account for this neglect, which peace will not remove. Among them is the high price of labour, arising from the number of festivals enjoined by the Greek church, which make it necessary for the peasant to earn in four days sufficient to support him for the seven.'

Mr. B. says, that at the time of his visit, Greece carried on no commerce:—

'The Genoese, the Austrians, and the Italians of the Adriatic engross the whole trade; and some of them, since the revolution, have contrived to make immense profits. This traffic, however it may have enriched individuals, has not been considered by the British of sufficient general consequence to occupy their attention. It is, in fact, a mere system of *cabotage*; a vessel proceeds from one creek to another, along the coast of Greece, gradually picking up a cargo of Valonia currants, cotton, &c. for which it settles by barter, or sometimes pays in dollars.'

As to the revenue, he says:—

'Under the Turks it was never great, though the exactions of the pachas were necessarily as oppressive as their power was uncertain and transitory. The maxim they followed was—to amass wealth as rapidly as possible; that of the porte to cut them off as soon as it was made. Injustice was patronized for the sake of injustice; and thus we always see the corruption of a bad government extending through every artery of the state, till the whole becomes a prey to its own rottenness, and falls to pieces from moral putridity and decay.

'At present, there is no fixed revenue! a capitano is given, the tax of some districts, over which he places his creatures, as collectors. If his and their exactions are insufficient to pay or satisfy his soldiers, down he marches to the seat of government, and demands remuneration there.'

Imagination can scarcely conceive a country more wretched, and it shows the great difficulties with which the Greek government has to contend.—In his return home, Mr. B. stopped at the island of Malta, of the natives of this far-famed isle, Mr. Bulwer gives the following account:—

'The Maltese upon the whole, are a stout race, dark, thick-set, and muscular. The men wear a long night cap, like that of the Ionian peasants, a jacket and girdle, and sometimes, though rarely, stockings. The women have beautiful dark eyes, which flash forth from behind their black silk hoods, or *faldettas*. It is but lately, that females, even of the best classes, have adopted, or rather imitated the European costume. Their dress formerly consisted of a short shift, a linen under-petticoat, a coloured apron, and a corset with sleeves. They are very fond of ornaments, and Malta is famous for the workmanship of its rose-chains and crosses.

'The ancient ceremonies which attended marriage are now laid aside. One of them was to rub the lady's lips with a mixture of anniseed, aromatic plants, salt and honey, which, it was considered, would render her affable and prudent. Thus also, on coming from church, if the bride first crossed the threshold, it was supposed that she would be supreme ever afterwards. . . . . At a christening, the child was offered two baskets, the one containing sweetmeats, the other corn, trinkets, an inkstand, and a sword; did he choose the latter, he was deemed a martial genius; but if his hand fell into the inkstand, then he was to be nailed for life to the counter. Are not the fates of many of us decided by as mere a chance as this?'

We have already given a specimen of Mr. Bulwer's poetical talents, and we now subjoin another:—

'Those were the minstrel's joyous times,  
The merry days of old;  
When beauty praised his artless rhymes  
And verse outvalued gold.  
The iron bosom own'd his skill,  
The softer loved its sway,  
Where'er the wanderer went, he still  
Was ever bade to stay.  
None thought the old man tarried long,  
And kindness was repaid by song.'

'But welcome now attends on state,  
However mean it be;

The bard may rove from gate to gate  
A wretch despised—like me.

It is not, if I mourn the past,  
That I regret to-day:

Not for a sceptre would I cast

My humble harp away;

Yet fain would I recall the hour

When it was tuned in knightly bower.

'And, Provence, though within thy walls

The song is heard no more

At Chivalry's fair festivals,

As in thy halls of yore;

Yet, Provence, are thy olive-groves,

That bloom around me here,

As dear to him, who through them roves,

As his rude harp is dear.

Yes, yes, despite of every ill,

My land, my lyre, I love ye still.'

The second portion of the work, Greece to the close of 1825, contains a narrative of the military operations of the campaign to the first of August, by a gentleman who left the seat of war at that time; he also gives a brief view of the subsequent affairs. It relates, principally, to the campaign of Ibrahim Pacha in the Morea. Alluding to the great exertions and splendid successes of the Greek sailors, the author says:—

'It would be useless to enter into, and endless to recount, the almost romantic and chivalrous exploits of these men: let it suffice to observe, that with a fleet of merchant ships, equipped and armed as circumstances would permit, abandoning their customary livelihood, unpaid and frequently depending on Providence for provisioning their crews, they have, in this manner, from the first of the revolution, harassed and kept in check the maritime power of the Porte. In some instances, against all odds, they have fairly beaten her outright; in others, with vessels from fifty to three hundred tons burthen, they have blown up, or otherwise destroyed, both line of battle ships and frigates completely appointed for active service, and full of armed men. They have often forced the enemy to abandon his blockades; they have prevented or retarded the supplying of his fortresses, in the greatest state of need; and nothing but the want of greater ships, and heavier guns, has hindered them from overcoming altogether the naval forces of the Turk, or confining them, which would be equally as useful, to the limits of their ports.

'In the preparation of fire-ships, the arrangement and composition of their materials, the Greeks are remarkably successful; and, in the use of them, they are equally daring and expert—so much so, that a number of their naval victories have proceeded from the application of an engine that carried terror and destruction to the larger ships and frigates, whose artillery their little vessels could not meet. The commander of a Greek squadron, being on board an English man-of-war, was questioned as to the method or secret of conducting their fire-ships with so fatal a certainty on the foe: the Greek replied, placing his hand upon his heart, that the only secret he was acquainted with lay there.'

The author gives a good view of the state



and prospects of Greece, though he, like all who write and think on the subject, is at a loss to guess how the affairs will terminate. He says, many well-informed Greeks look to the Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg as well calculated for prosecuting their expectations and views; but, unless England was openly to espouse the cause of Greece, no arrangement of this sort could take place; and then the purity of our motives would be liable to suspicion. The work altogether is very interesting; and we recommend it to the general reader, as well as to those who wish to obtain information on the affairs and situation of an oppressed but brave people.

#### GREECE IN 1825.

IN addition to the extracts we have made from Mr. Bulwer's *Autumn in Greece*, we subjoin a few passages from a work on the same subject, entitled 'A Picture of Greece in 1825, being the Journals of James Emerson, Esq., Count Pecchio, and W. H. Humphreys, Esq., written during their recent visits to that country.' As the work is not yet published, we forbear offering any critical remarks until it appears. Our first quotation relates to the Greek Chief Ulysses, Mr. Trelawney, and his cave on Mount Parnassus. After stating that, on the 22d of July, his Majesty's corvette, the Sparrowhawk, Captain Stuart, sailed, and that his mission, like every other in the present cause in which the English ships have interfered, was one of humanity. Mr. Emerson says:—

'I have already mentioned the name of Mr. Trelawney, the gentleman who had espoused the sister and fortunes of Ulysses. On the surrender of the unfortunate chieftain, he had retired to the cave on Mount Parnassus, which was still occupied by Ulysses's family, and a few of his most faithful adherents; and here, in a fortress impregnable by nature, they continued to hold out against the soldiers of Goura, who still occupied the country in the vicinity of Parnassus.'

'Amongst the inmates of the cavern was one Mr. Fenton, a native of Scotland, who had arrived a mere adventurer in Greece, last winter, when, during his intercourse with the European residents in the Morea, he had proved himself totally divested of every principle or feeling of a gentleman. He had even stooped so low as to offer himself to a person in power as the assassin of Ulysses, for a remuneration of a few dollars.—I believe not more than sixty. The proposal had been accepted, but a disagreement in the terms, or some other circumstances, had prevented its execution. The publicity which Fenton had given to the depravity of his character among his countrymen rendering his residence with the Europeans impossible, an order from the government to leave Napoli di Romania determined him on joining the party of the very man whom he had offered to assassinate, and to whom his quarrel with the government was a sufficient recommendation. He was accordingly received among the inmates of the cave, where Mr. Trelawney, almost totally separated from intercourse with his countrymen, was not aware of his despicable character. After the surrender of

Ulysses, he had remained in the same situation; rather, however, as the dependent than the companion of Trelawney, till, on the death of the chieftain, he formed the desperate resolution of making himself master of the cave and its contents, which, by previous contract, were now the property of his benefactor. A few days before he made the attempt, the cave was visited by a young English gentleman, whose youth (nineteen) and romantic spirit were easily prevailed on by Fenton to become his accomplice, under a promise that, if successful, he should be made a Prince of Livadia. It was in the latter end of June (about the 25th) that this young Englishman arrived at the cavern; and four days after, Fenton proposed to him, after dinner, that they should fire at a target, whilst Trelawney stood umpire. As soon as Trelawney unsuspectingly advanced to examine their first shots, the conspirators both made their attempt at the same moment. Fenton's pistol missed fire, but the young Englishman's took effect with two balls; one of which, entering his back, passed out at his breast, and broke his right arm, whilst the second entered his neck, and, in its passage, shattered his jaw-bone. He fell immediately, but his attendants, alarmed at the report of the pistols, rushed forward, and instantly poniarded Fenton, who died upon the spot. They then, by the direction of Trelawney, who still breathed, placed the Englishman in irons, at the recess of the cave. Totally deprived of the assistance of a surgeon, Trelawney's recovery was long doubtful, but nature at length prevailed. He is still, however, confined in a weak state.'

Of Colocotroni, who was at the time Mr. Emerson visited him in prison with some of his companions, and called a rebel chief, but who now has the principal command in the Morea, he says:—

'The generality of them exhibit nothing peculiar in their appearance, being like the rest of their countrymen, wild, savage-looking soldiers, clad in tarnished embroidered vests, and dirty juctanellas. Colocotroni was, however, easily distinguished from the rest by his particularly savage and uncultivated air; his person is low, but built like a Hercules, and his short bull neck was surmounted by a head rather larger than proportion warranted; which, with its shaggy eye-brows, dark mustachios, unshorn beard, and raven hair falling in curls over his shoulders, formed a complete study for a painter.'

'He had formerly been in the service of the English, in the Ionian Islands, as a sergeant of guards; and spoke with peculiar pride of his acquaintance with several British officers. By some circumstance he had become acquainted with the character of Sir Hudson Lowe, and took occasion to speak of him, not in the most flattering terms of eulogy. He was in high spirits at the prospect of his liberation; a measure which is not, as yet, abandoned; his ideas of the state of the war, and his means of liberating the country, were, however, rather wild. He totally discountenanced the organizing of regular troops, a measure which, he said, could never be successfully accomplished in Greece;

since, not only the prejudices, but the inclination, of a people strongly attached to their own customs, were opposed to it. His plan was, in the first place, by the most vigorous measures (which he declared at length) to dispossess the enemy of the few holds which they still retained in the country, and regularly as they should fall into the hands of the government to destroy every fortress, preserving only one of the most important, which was to be kept as the residence of the senate. By this means, the enemy were to be deprived of all power of remaining, or retaining any position in the country; whilst the Klefts and their followers, as heretofore, would still be able to hold the mountains, and rout every force which could successively be sent against them. On objecting, however, that this means of retaining the country would be a dead weight on the progress of civil improvement, he said, that political security was first to be attended to, and civilization would follow in time; that this would make the nation warriors, and serve to maintain their dauntless spirit in its native vigour. Tactics might render them Frank soldiers, but this would retain them Greeks. He seems very confident of his ability to drive out the Egyptians, if only set at liberty, and again placed at the head of his Arcadians.'

The next extract relates to a scene of horror perpetrated at Hydra:—

'Whilst here, a brig arrived from the fleet and brought the disastrous intelligence that the ship of Captain Athanasius Kreisi had been blown up, a few days before, in the midst of the fleet at Vathico, and himself, the brother, and sixty seamen destroyed. It appeared, from the evidence of one of the sailors who escaped with life, that the captain was that day to have had a few commanders of the fleet to dinner, and in the preparation had struck a refractory Turk, who had been for some time on board. The wretch immediately went below, and in his thirst for vengeance, set fire to the powder magazine, and blew up himself, his captain, and shipmates.'

'There is perhaps no spot in the world where the cries of blood and clanship have more closely united the inhabitants, than at Hydra; and the sensation produced by this event may be readily conceived, when it is considered, that every individual thus destroyed, was connected intimately with almost the whole population, by birth, marriage, or the bonds of friendship; and that as the officers and crew of every ship are almost invariably related to each other, in a nearer or more remote degree, a whole family, and that one of the most distinguished, was thus, at a blow, eradicated from the midst of the community. The news spread instantly, from end to end of the Marino, and seemed to produce an extraordinary sensation.'

'In a few moments, from a balcony where I sat, my attention was attracted by the unusual commotion of the crowd below, which now consisted of four or five thousand. They kept rushing backward and forward, but always tending toward the door of a monastery close by me, one apartment of which

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served for the office of the Marino, and another for the prison, in which were confined a large number of Turkish captives. I asked a Hydriot, who sat beside me, what was the meaning of the commotion in the crowd. He replied, with little emotion, "Perhaps going to kill a Turk." His words were scarcely uttered, when the door of the monastery, not twenty paces from me, was burst open, and a crowd rushed out, forcing before them a young Turk of extremely fine appearance, tall, athletic, and well formed. But I shall never forget the expression of his countenance at this awful moment. He was driven out almost naked, with the exception of a pair of trowsers, his hands held behind his back, his head thrust forwards, and a hell of horror seemed depicted in his face. He made but one step over the threshold, when a hundred atagans were planted in his body. He staggered forward, and fell a shapeless mass of blood and bowels, surrounded by a crowd of his enraged executioners, each eager to smear his knife with the blood of his victim. By this time, another wretch was dragged forward, and shared the same fate; another and another followed, while I was obliged to remain a horrified spectator of the massacre, as the defenceless wretches were butchered almost at the foot of the stairs by which I must have descended, in order to make my escape. Each was in his turn driven beyond the door, and got a thrust, run through the crowd, and fell piecemeal, till at length his carcass lost all form of humanity beneath the knives of his enemies. Some few died bravely, never attempting to escape, but falling on the spot where they received the first thrust of the atagans; other weaker wretches made an effort to reach the sea through the crowd, but sank down beneath a thousand stabs, screaming for mercy, and covering their faces with their gory hands. In the mean time, I had got within the *café*, and had closed the doors and windows: within were a few of the young primates, who were sinking with shame and horror for the actions of their countrymen; and the noble Canaris was lying on a bench, drowned in tears. Here I remained for some time, till, taking advantage of a momentary pause in the scene below, I rushed down stairs, and escaped by a by-path to my lodgings. During the whole course of the evening, the work of slaughter continued. After butchering every inmate of the prison, they brought out every slave from the houses, and from on board the ships in the harbour, and put all to death on the shore. During the course of the evening, upwards of two hundred wretches were thus sacrificed to the fury of the mob, and at length, weary with blood, dragged them down to the beach, and, stowing their carcasses in boats, carried them round to the other side of the island, and flung them into the sea, where numbers of them were floating some days after, when Captain Spencer passed with the Naiad. During the continuance of this scene, which lasted several hours, no attempt was made by the primates to check the fury of the crowd. Perhaps they were aware of their inability, but it is little to their honour that

they did not at least make an effort. Some days after, on speaking of the transaction, they merely said it was a disgraceful occurrence, and they were sorry it had happened, but that, in fact, they had no means of keeping prisoners of war, thus indirectly admitting the justice of the deed,—nor even attempting to excuse their own want of interference with the lower orders: there never appeared any symptoms of remorse. Those who had been the perpetrators of the deed were never censured, nor was any investigation made of the affair; on the contrary, they walked about the streets as much applauded, and as highly esteemed, as if they had achieved some meritorious services, while those who had participated in the murder spoke of it with complacency, and even approval. Some few of the sons of the primates were the only part of the population who seemed aware of the enormity of the deed; and, whilst they condemned the conduct of their countrymen, they lamented deeply that such an example of applauded murder should be set to their children.

The following is an account of the manner in which the festival of Easter is celebrated at Napoli di Romania:—

'This feast, as the most important in the Greek church, is observed with particular rejoicings and respect: Lent having ceased, the ovens were crowded with the preparations for banquetting. Yesterday, every street was reeking with the blood of lambs and goats; and to-day, every house was fragrant with odours of pies and baked meats. All the inhabitants, in festival array, were hurrying along to pay their visits and receive their congratulations; every one, as he met his friend, saluted him with a kiss on each side of his face, and repeated the words, *Χριστός ανστήν* "Christ is risen." The day was spent in rejoicings in every quarter; the guns were fired from the batteries, and every moment the echoes of the Palamede were replying to the incessant reports of the pistols and tophaics of the soldiery. On these occasions the Greeks (whether from laziness to extract the ball, or for the purpose of making a louder report, I know not) always discharge their arms with a bullet; frequent accidents are the consequence. To-day, one poor fellow was shot dead in his window, and a second severely wounded by one of these random shots. In the evening, a grand ceremony took place in the square: all the members of the government, after attending divine service in the church of St. George, met opposite the residence of the executive body; the legislative, as being the most numerous, took their places in a line, and the executive passing along them from right to left, kissing commenced with great vigour, the latter body embracing the former with all fervour and affection.'

*The Poetic Garland; in Imitation of the Celebrated Garland of Julia.* By the DUC DE MONTAUSIER. Illustrated by Figures from the Botanic Garden. 8vo. London, 1825. Griffiths.

THE Poetical Garland of Julia was a wreath of love, presented as a new year's gift by the

Duke of Montausier to the fair Julia d'Au-gennes. It consisted of a number of flowers painted in miniature on vellum, by a celebrated artist, and arranged in a book, with a madrigal underneath each, either from the pen of the duke himself or from the hand of some of his friends. It was splendidly bound, and on the morn of New Year's Day secretly conveyed to the fair and enraptured Julia. In the year 1784, this literary trifle was sold for the amazing sum of £600.

The Garland now before us is a beautiful imitation of the Duc de Montausier's present; it consists of a series of flowers well drawn and beautifully coloured, and their peculiar character illustrated by some moral in verse. The following we select as a specimen:—

*'Changeable Iris.*

'When Zephyr shakes, the vernal skies,  
Array'd in robe of blue,  
How gaily dance the spangled dyes,  
Amid the pearly dew!  
Yet while delighting human eye,  
Our sep'rate glories shine;  
A mist can bid those glories die,  
A worm can wither mine.

The Poetic Garland is a very charming Christmas or New Year's present to a lady, and as such we recommend it.

*The Beauties of Sheridan; consisting of Selections from his Poems, Dramas, and Speeches.* By ALFRED HOWARD, ESQ. 18mo. pp. 211. London, 1825. Tegg.

THIS is the twelfth part of a very neat little work, called the Beauties of Literature. It contains, we presume, nearly all the poems, and a selection from the plays and speeches, of that splendid genius, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The selection is made with good taste, and consists of some of the brightest flowers in the parterre of English literature.

*Remarks on the Usefulness of Classical Learning.* By JAMES BEATTIE, LL. D. &c. 18mo. London, 1825. Griffiths.

A GOOD neat edition of a very excellent work, with the addition of a sketch of the author's life. In an age of almost universal mental improvement, a work of its character and merit cannot be too widely disseminated.

*A Sketch of Ancient Geography; compiled from the best Authorities; and arranged after the manner of the Abbé Gaultier's Modern Geography.* 12mo. pp. 166. London, 1825. Wetton.

THIS is a good elementary work, and we recommend it for the use of schools. It contains much useful information very well arranged.

#### THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

UNIVERSITY STUDIES AND MATHEMATICAL LEARNING.

THE last number of the London Magazine contains an article which exposes, we think, completely, the system of education pursued at our universities, and the delusion generally entertained with regard to the paramount importance of mathematical studies. The writer speaks with no little bitterness, and yet not unjustly so, of the mechanical method in which these studies are pursued, and of their inapplicability to any useful purpose of



ordinary life. This will undoubtedly give offence in those quarters where their interest may require that the delusion should be kept up; but it will be very difficult to gainsay the chief points of what is advanced by the writer, even allowing that he may have rather exaggerated some things. For our own part, we do not know any branch of human affairs in which a more complete system of solemn humbug prevails than in education, or one so abundant in the grossest—we may add unprincipled, quackery. Of the course of studies pursued at Cambridge, and of the mathematical acquirements to which so much importance is there attached, the writer thus speaks:—

‘A thousand times, too, in the day, do I now feel tempted to curse Cambridge, and all its useless and foolish studies—studies which have misled my youth, injured my health, robbed me of my money, and destroyed my precious time. As an engineer, I was to be well grounded in mathematics, forsooth; I could never prosper without mathematical knowledge; it was the basis, the whole, the entire, the *sine qua non* of my education. And so it has proved, God knows; and could I but forget it all again, and recall, were it but one quarter of my lost hours, I might now be comparatively a happy man.

‘I have neither the courage nor the temper at present to examine the system of that university; while, still feeling the attachment of habit to it, to my college, to all the people and customs which have been almost entwined with my existence, I cannot allow myself to speak with the indignation which would, I am sure, follow such an attempt. I will not, therefore, ask by whom this system was established, why and how it is fostered, for what purpose and with what views or hopes the exclusive study of mathematics is encouraged, and why it is held out as the sole object worthy of ambition, and its honours the only merit. But I may ask, with what views an education of this nature is given to him who is intended for the church, for the law, for commerce, for physic, or to him who may be destined to the higher offices of the state, or to any office of this nature? There is not one of all those to whom mathematics can be of any use as an acquisition, unless I were to make a slender exception in favour of physic; and in no one does the logic of mathematics, as it is called, produce or cultivate that species of reasoning, or establish those mental powers, which are to form the guide and rule of their conduct, and direct them in the just and correct management of the duties which they will have to perform.

‘And how can I forget, also, that, in all this, the real objects of the studies of all these persons is neglected and forgotten, as my own have been? The churchman learns neither theology nor religion; the lawyer neither law, history, ethics, nor that logic which must form his logic; nor do either cultivate their own language, that which must form the basis of their rhetoric and oratory—far less that rhetoric and that oratory on which the professions, both of the church and of the law,

so naturally depend. That the future physician learns neither physic, anatomy, botany, chemistry, nor pharmacy, nothing of all that constitutes his science, and enables him to practise his art, is more than notorious; since, having with us gone through the farce of his terms and his degrees, he must go elsewhere to learn everything that is essential; while, like myself, he must begin to study in reality, just when his studies are supposed to be finished, and when he ought to be practising his profession. In what way the mathematical science is to qualify a man for being a statesman, or a legislator, or an officer of government, under any form, I am really unable to conjecture; being perfectly convinced that, with all of that knowledge which I possess, and which, writing anonymously, I may boast of, without egotism, as equal to that of Woodhouse or Ivory, I am very sure that I am not fit to be made a commissioner of customs, or even a treasury-clerk.

‘If the university itself will not consider these things—if it will not reflect that its duty and business—the very purpose, I suppose, for which it was founded, was, and is, to educate young men so that they may be fit for their several professions, and not to make every man indiscriminately a mathematician, and nothing else, though he may never, in the whole of his future life, have again occasion to look at a triangle or think of an equation, our parents at least might ask themselves this question before they send us to waste our time and money on so fruitless a pursuit. But they follow the stream without reflection, dazzled, I suppose, by the imposing terms, *mathematics* and *science*, and by the fame of Newton, and by all those unexamined opinions by which the mass of mankind is governed. Thus, also, the very name Cambridge seems to deprive them of their senses, as does the word university, and the much more sonorous honour of an university education, to which all aspire for their darling children, as if there was a virtue in the very name—as if to have breathed the air of Cambridge for four or five years was to convert an ignorant being into a philosopher.

‘I have become a mathematician, it is true, and thus far the object of my own parents, mistaken and misplaced as it has been, has not been defeated; and, if I had been destined for a professorship of mathematics, or to the place of astronomer-royal, the end would have been attained. But my end has not been attained, as that is not my fate; and so far, therefore, my own time has been as much wasted as that of those, the far greater number, who have neither acquired mathematics, nor anything else.

‘That there are many such, who leave Cambridge as little informed, on even this subject, as they entered it, I presume I need scarcely say, when we find so few mathematicians in the world—so few in society, even in professions which seem to require this kind of knowledge, who know anything whatever about the matter. If parents expect that every boy who goes to Cambridge is to issue a mathematician, they are most grossly, grievously mistaken; and, so far from this, I can venture to say that, in my own year, there

was not one mathematician left the university, and that ninety-nine in a hundred could not, in two months after leaving it, have solved a common problem in plane trigonometry. By what means the appearance of this acquisition is carried through the university—by what means young men contrive even to rise to honours without real mathematical knowledge, it would be tedious to say here; and perhaps it would not be right in me thus far to betray the secrets and expose the vices of my own *alma mater*.

‘But, if parents will not be convinced by my assertion, it is not difficult to bring the matter to the test of calculation. There are not a great many real mathematicians in Britain altogether; and, of that small number, which it would be invidious to the less-informed to select and name, there is not one-third that has been educated at Cambridge. Speaking as a mathematician ought, I will only assume that a thousand young men annually arrive at Cambridge and quit it, or that there are a thousand residents—a thousand persons educated in the mathematical science. If any one can produce fifteen mathematicians formed by Cambridge within the last thirty years, I should be very well pleased if any of your correspondents would name them, for it is more than I could do; and this, it is plain, gives a ratio of one to two thousand. That is, out of two thousand young men, spending, on an average, three years, or four, and I ought to add a thousand pounds each, in acquiring mathematics, one succeeds; while I am very sure that, of the remaining one thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine, there are not fifty that have become even moderately skilled in this science, while there are at least a thousand who know not more about it than an infant. And even of those who may have gained some knowledge of this nature, there is not one in two or three hundred to whom it becomes, in after life, of the remotest degree of use, or even of satisfaction or ornament.’

This is certainly very strong language; yet, even admitting that it may be a little exaggerated, we have no reason to question the general truth of what is here advanced, daring as it may appear to those who regard with implicit veneration whatever has the sanction of long-continued prejudice in its favour. But it will at least be imagined by some, that our universities possess the negative merit of keeping the youth intrusted to their charge, out of ‘harm’s way,’—that the seats of learning exhibit that exemplary moral decorum which may very naturally be expected from them. But let us listen to the testimony of the writer from whom we are quoting:—

‘There is another consideration yet, which must not be kept out of this calculation, while I am sorry that I cannot overlook it, reflecting, as it does, on the establishment to which, in spite of all its errors, and my misfortunes, I still feel an unaccountable attachment. It is very probable that young men arrive at Cambridge, from the public schools, with very doubtful morals, to use no harsher phraseology; yet, though my own studious and

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retired habits kept me from mixing much with the idle society of my own or any other college, it is but too notorious and lamentable, that the university is an extensive school of vice and profligacy under all their forms. It is absolutely fearful to reflect on what even I have witnessed; and I do not indeed well see how it is possible for any youth to stem the universal torrent of corruption; while it is most certain, that there is an extremely small proportion of young men who ever think seriously of any study or learning while they are at the university, or consider it as any other than a place in which they may amuse themselves with every species of fashionable vice.

This appears to us not so surprising as it is lamentable: still it may be asked, Why are such things suffered, and how long will they be tolerated?—are we for ever to persist in an expensive and ineffective system? We think not; unless, indeed, our universities, out of their extreme dread of innovation, will be content to remain behind the intellectual spirit of the age; to be the nurseries of pedantry and dullness, and to pride themselves on imparting that learning which is valueless when acquired, and which confers no honour without their immediate sphere.

The *cui bono* is surely not a supererogatory question, when we would estimate the value of such hardly-earned and imposing attainments as mathematical acquirements; let us, therefore, see in what manner, and to what purpose, they are usually made:—

'After a few months' absence from college, or within a short time after the books have been closed, and the study abandoned, Euclid, or whatever else, is as much forgotten as if it had never been read, and the ex-pupil becomes very shortly incapable of demonstrating the simplest proposition. I will take a thousand men, and they shall even have been Cambridge mathematicians, men of honours, and not one shall demonstrate to me even the proposition which is the basis of the rule-of-three. The reason is plain: the whole was an act of rote and memory; the particular memory is no longer called into use; the chain of the rote is broken; and the whole, the parts, all, are forgotten.

'And, if this proof will not satisfy you, mathematician as you are, I will try another, of another nature.

'I will produce to you a hundred teachers of mathematics, men perfectly versant in what they are teaching, teaching well, teaching every day, respectable mathematicians, good mathematicians if you please. I will allow you then to put a question to such an individual, which he has not formerly considered, which has not lain in his line of teaching, or his usual train of reflection. Or it shall be a mere variation of some case familiar to him—a practical application, we will say, or perhaps an application in which there are some petty contesting considerations. He shall not solve it without labour, perhaps great labour; or he shall commit a gross error, or error after error, or he shall not solve it at all.'

We cannot dismiss this subject without thanking the writer, whoever he may be, for

the candid and sensible manner in which he has exposed the fallacious estimate generally entertained on the subject of mathematical studies.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

ACKERMANN'S 'FORGET ME NOT.'

[The following Lines were sent to a lady in the country, with a copy of Mr. Ackermann's 'Forget Me Not for 1826.']

LADY, I do not dwell like thee,  
'Mid garden grounds and trellised bowers,  
Yet can I say, 'Accept from me,  
A winter wreath of London flowers.  
Within these verdant leaves enshrin'd,  
Dwells young Imagination's rose,  
The lilies of the pensive mind—  
The buds that Fancy's dreams disclose.  
Here Croly shines in radiance bright,  
While gentle Neele is 'spret with dew,  
And sober Barton meets the sight,  
In tranquil tints of changeless hue.  
From Mitford's hand what treasures flow,  
Of varied blossoms, grave and gay;  
And Landon gives one flow'et's glow,  
And Hemans one—how pure the lay!  
Then lady, take my wintry wreath,  
And place it in thy favorite bow'r,  
For 'thoughts that burn and words that breathe,  
Can solace best December's hour. H.

### THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR'S GRAVE\*.

It was a summer's eve—the sabbath sun  
Hurried his golden course towards the west,  
Throned in beauty, and with his bright beam  
Gilded the woods and mountains, sea and shore.  
The small birds piped their cheerful melodies;  
The sheep and lambkins basked in the sun;  
The swallows wheeled their circuitous flight;  
The earth, and air, and sea, beast, bird, and man,  
And all creation sunk into repose;—  
It was an universal Sabbath!

Forth

I wandered. The sea was beautiful!  
The setting sun shone on its surface, and  
It did appear a lake of molten gold!  
The scene around was desolate and grand:  
Rock peer'd o'er rock in dizzy height, and  
show'd

In shape fantastical. The wearied eye  
Their measure could not scan. The rippling sea  
In stillness wash'd their base, and nought ap-  
pear'd

But rock, and sky, and sea,—save where the  
beach

Its sandy plain extended, but untrod  
By human footsteps. 'Twas a lonely spot;  
And nought of mankind did present itself  
To call the mind back to this erring world,  
Save in one grassy nook the green sward rose  
In form of human grave!

\* Perhaps it is necessary to inform the reader, that formerly, on the coast of Glamorganshire, whenever a vessel was wrecked and any bodies cast on shore, a hole (I can hardly call it a grave) was immediately dug on the spot, and the body deposited in it and covered over with the sandy soil! Of late years, however, when circumstances of the kind have taken place, the body has had Christian burial in the parish church, and at the expense of the parish where it has been washed on shore. In strolling along this rocky coast, the rambler is frequently put into a moralizing mood, by stumbling over one of these memorials of mortality.

The western wind,  
Which blew across the sea, with his salt kiss  
Had cropp'd the grass, and nipp'd the budding  
blossoms.

No wild flow'r bloom'd upon this desolate spot,  
Except the home-bred cheerful daisy. Here,  
Where all around was desolate, it shone  
(An elfin sun with rays of light surrounded)  
With tenfold lustre.—Companionless  
It stood, the only ornament upon  
The shipwreck'd sailor's grave!

The winter blast,  
With wild and horrid roar and fearful pow'r,  
Heaved the swelling billow's foaming brow  
Up to the gates of heaven; when, in a small  
And fragile bark, far from his own sweet home,  
The sailor plough'd his way across the deep.  
The night was dark—the lightning gleamed red,  
When, borne upon a mighty billow's bosom,  
The bark was cast on shore—and all were  
drown'd!

The morn appear'd—the sky was deck'd with  
clouds

Of bloody redness. In the east the sun  
Peer'd o'er the hills with pale and sickly hue.  
The sailor's corse was cast upon the beach;—  
His youthful locks, that cluster'd o'er his brow,  
Were all dishevell'd by the 'wild wave's play,'  
And dripping with its moisture. From his eye  
No flash of life shot forth, but fix'd and glassy,  
It almost started from its socket,—

For he had warred with the foaming wave,  
And struggled hard for life! Around his neck  
There hung—(by a wreath of hair suspended)—  
A miniature,—the likeness of his mistress?  
Who can tell!—In his right hand he held it,  
And he had press'd it to his heart, when he  
Had yielded up his breath!

Beneath this sod they laid the sailor's corpse—  
No one a blessing breathed o'er his grave,—  
No pray'r was pour'd to Heaven; but he was  
laid

In the cold earth.—Cold lookers-on stood round,  
Cold hearts beheld,—and not a tear was shed!

The curlew, in the air above the spot,  
Wheeled his circling flight—his piercing scream  
Was echoed from the rocks—no other knell  
Toll'd o'er the sailor's doom! O. N. Y.  
7th Dec. 1825.

### THE WOODLAND STILE\*.

THE vow has past—the lip has sealed,  
The eye and heart have felt its power,  
Truth has enforced our love revealed,  
The blush declares it in the flower;  
Yet, when we parted, on my cheek,  
Fear flashed and trembled round my smile,  
Lest thou th' appointed hour should'st break,  
Nor meet me at the Woodland Stile.

Mistrust will shade a maiden's joy,  
When most she hopes her heart to bless;  
Man, like an eagle, can destroy  
The weaker vessel in distress;  
Why should I doubt that thou art true  
As sunshine to a southern isle?  
Love—ere the stars have glisten'd through,  
O! meet me at the Woodland Stile!

Sweet is the dying rose's leaf,  
Fair is the violet's opening crest,  
Rich the corn-laden autumn's sheaf,  
More dear than these, the faithful breast;  
Wait not for clocks at village towers,  
Think not of toil, or mark the mile,  
True as the wind's soft wings to flowers,  
Remember!—at the Woodland Stile. P. J. R.

\* See Mr. Brandreth's Poem, *Literary Chronicle*, No. 342.



## FINE ARTS.

WE have lately been highly gratified by examining four numbers of a series of engravings, drawn and etched by G. Cuitt, whose antiquities of Chester will be remembered by many of our readers. To that very clever work he has now added one number, consisting of miscellaneous drawings, another of six views of Fonthill Abbey, and one of six views from Kirkstall Abbey. In each number the increasing powers of the artist are very evident, and whereas his first efforts evinced only a taste for Piranesi's style, and the power of effectually copying it, his later works prove him superior to the Italian decidedly. The effect of his dark masses, the brilliance of his lights, the bold relief given to certain parts of these unrivalled Gothic edifices, with their rich garniture of ivy and other foliage, render them superior to any other engravings in a similar style which we ever beheld.

To the splendid river scenery, published by the Messrs. Cooke's, principally from the drawings of Turner and Girtin, these spirited publishers and admirable engravers, have now brought out a work likely to prove exceedingly attractive to artists and amateurs. It is a selection of twenty-four subjects from the two hundred which compose the *Liber Veritatis* of Claude Lorraine, known to the public by the engraving of Earlom, from the invaluable original, in possession of the successive Dukes of Devonshire for more than a century.

From a neatly written *Life of Claude Lorraine*, preparatory to the work, we learn that his grace the Duke of Bedford, being in possession of a fine copy of Earlom's work, improved by the masterly touching of Paul Sandby, most kindly lent it for the purpose now effected. In this generous loan, the nobleman in question has proved himself as much a friend to the fine arts in his native country, as by the many purchases of works of merit which he has been very judiciously making for some years past.

The engravings greatly resemble the original drawings, and are executed with freedom and grace, and, from the scarcity of Earlom's work, added to their superiority, will, we have no doubt, be so eagerly sought after, as to induce a second, and probably a third selection to be made, in a similar manner, from the sketches of this unparalleled artist.

**Royal Academy.**—On Saturday the annual distribution of premiums took place at the Royal Academy, when the following students received prizes for their performances:—

Mr. Wood.—The gold medal, and the Discourses of Reynolds and West, for an historical painting, representing 'Joseph expounding the Dreams of Pharaoh's Chief Butler and Baker.'

Mr. Deare.—The gold medal; with the same Discourses, for a model of the 'Death of Goliath.'

Mr. Basset.—The gold medal, with the same Discourses, for a design for a national edifice adapted for the Royal Academy, the Royal Society, and the Society of Antiquarians.

Mr. Webster.—A silver medal, with the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, for the best copy of 'a Virgin and Child,' by Raphael.

Mr. Fancourt.—A silver medal, for the second best copy.

Mr. Wood.—A silver medal, with the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, for the best drawing from the life.

Mr. Slous.—A silver medal, for the second best drawing.

Mr. Deare.—A silver medal, with the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, for the best model from the life.

Mr. Lote.—For an architectural drawing of St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook.

Mr. Williams.—A silver medal, with the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, for the best drawing from an antique group, 'The Laocoon.'

Mr. Smith.—A silver medal for the second best drawing.

Mr. Presbury.—A silver medal for the third best drawing.

Mr. Gallagban.—A silver medal, with the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, for the best model from the antique of the same group.

Mr. Panamo.—A silver medal for the second best model.

Sir T. Lawrence, the president, after distributing the medals, alluded to a picture of Mr. John Hayter's, which had been rejected solely in consequence of some informality in regard to the regulations of the academy: he spoke in high terms of this picture, and said that the academy were sorry to be compelled to reject a work, which otherwise they would have been proud of\*. Sir Thomas apologized for not delivering a discourse on the fine arts, as had been usual, his very recent return from the Continent not having afforded the time necessary for such purpose.

**PANORAMA OF MEXICO.**—A new panorama of the city of Mexico, has been opened in Leicester Square, of which the daily journals speak very highly, but having had no opportunity to see it, (though invited to the private view,) we defer our remarks until next week.

## THE DRAMA,

## AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

**DRURY LANE THEATRE.**—On Monday a Mr. Priest appeared at this theatre in the character of Shylock, in the play of the *Merchant of Venice*, but he is evidently not ordained to be one of 'Shakspeare's heroes,' like his prototype, Kean, whom he faintly imitates: indeed, with such slender qualifications as Mr. Priest possesses, we are not a little surprised at his presumption, unless he was stimulated by 'vaulting ambition,' which in this instance, as in many others, has 'o'erleaped itself.' In neither person, features, nor voice, has Mr. Priest anything to recommend him, and although his Shylock might pass in a private theatre, yet it was unworthy of the Drury

\* Mr. Charles Hayter, the father of the young artist, has explained this informality: he says 'it was not occasioned by a disobedient disregard to the laws of that establishment, but by very serious indisposition, which made him incapable of attending on the day fixed (Nov. 15) for the candidates to paint a corroborative sketch, as an evidence of the genuineness of the picture offered for the medal, under the eye of the keeper, which is indispensable and unqualified by any provisional clause with regard to illness.'

Lane stage, even in its present degraded state.

**COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.**—A new melodrama, in five acts, entitled *The Three Strangers*, was produced at this theatre on Saturday. It is a new version of Lord Byron's drama, which was taken from one of Miss Lee's *Canterbury Tales*. There was some good acting in the piece, but there is no catastrophe; and when the curtain fell, at the close of the fifth act, people stared at each other, and inquired if there were five acts more to come. As, however, there are some who judge of articles by their quantity, rather than their quality—and this play gives enough for money, in all conscience—*The Three Strangers* may continue to be played a few nights, until the holidays.

## LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

## RUSSELL INSTITUTION.

Our readers will recollect that we lately noticed the appointment of a new secretary and librarian to this institution, in the person of Mr. Brayley, F. A. S.; and on that occasion we expressed an opinion that a favourable change in the state of the property would speedily result from the new management, some very efficacious regulations having been recently devised by the committee, both for placing the interests of the proprietors upon a surer basis, and for rendering the valuable library of the institution more accessible to its members than heretofore. We are now gratified by learning that the shares have improved nearly one-fourth during the last three months, and from the liberality and very honourable conduct evinced at a *Special Meeting of Proprietors*, on Wednesday last, the 14th inst., we cannot doubt but that the institution will immediately obtain a yet higher degree of estimation in public opinion, and a still more rapid increase in the value of its property.

In the absence of Henry Storks, Esq., the regular chairman, the proceedings were opened by Mr. Watson, (one of the managers,) through whose persevering exertions, a misappropriation of shares by the late secretary was originally discovered. He stated, generally, that the meeting had been summoned for the purpose of determining the most expedient course to be pursued, in regard to fourteen gentlemen claiming shares as bought of the said secretary, by whom their several payments had been received, and tickets issued to them, but altogether without either the authority or knowledge of the committee.

Robert Hunter, Esq., F. S. A., the Rev. John Hewlett, Lieut. Gen. Thornton, late M. P., for Woodstock, and several other gentlemen spoke upon the question, almost all of whom argued, that, from the apparent responsibility and invested power of the late secretary, a stranger applying for shares might be easily deceived, and that it was, therefore, incumbent upon the proprietors, from principles of equity, liberality, and honour, to afford to the claimants every relief that the regulations of the institution would admit. This reasoning carried conviction, and it was finally resolved, *nemine contradicente*, on the motion of Mr. Hunter, seconded by W. B. Rooke,

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Esq., that, in consideration of all the circumstances by which they had been deceived, the gentlemen alluded to should be admitted as honorary life members, and considered to be such so long as they continued to pay the annual subscription of one guinea, in common with the body of proprietors, but without having, themselves, any share or property in the institution. Whilst this decision fully establishes the high character of the society, it should be known, that certain rules have been newly made, in regard to the transferring of shares, which ensures the future respectability of the institution; all new members, before admission, being required, by a printed form, to obtain a recommendation from two actual proprietors, under their respective signatures, which must be laid before the committee of management for their approval. The admission tickets, also, must now be signed by a manager, and countersigned by the secretary.

Mr. Wallace has delivered two lectures on astronomy at the Western Literary Institution.

The Gwyneddigion (Cambrian) Society held its fifty-fourth anniversary on Monday last at the Woodpack Tavern, Cornhill. The musical arrangements were under the direction of Mr. Parry.

In the press, *Early Metrical Tales*; including the *History of Sir Egeir, Sir Gryme, and Sir Gray Steil*.

The third volume of the works of Canova, in sculpture and modelling, engraved in outline by Henry Moses, which has been for some time in preparation, will appear shortly. It will consist of six double parts, each containing ten engravings, with descriptions from the Italian of the Countess Albrizzi.

The number of students in the university of Göttingen has diminished this half year 104. Of the 1545, who attended last half year, 470 have quitted, part voluntarily and part in consequence of injunctions from the tribunal of the university. The number of new students is at present 375, in all 1441; above half of whom are foreigners, including even some Americans.

Mr. Bowles has in the press a Reply to the last pamphlet of Mr. Roscoe; and also some observations on the last Quarterly Review relative to Pope, both of which will shortly make their appearance.

The third and fourth parts of Lord Northwick's Selection of Ancient Coins will be ready in a few days. They are drawn by Del Frate, a distinguished pupil of Canova, and engraved by Henry Moses, with descriptions by George Henry Noehden, LL. D., of the British Museum, &c.

The History of Painting in Italy, from the Period of the Revival of the Fine Arts to the End of the Eighteenth Century, translated from the Original Italian of the Abbate Luigi Lanzi, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq., is in the press; and two volumes of this important work will soon appear.

A medal of the value of £2 is offered by the Cardigan Cymreipyddion Society, for the best Welsh essay on 'Hynafiaethun Ceredigion.'

### THE BEE,

Mr. Bulwer's strong assertion in his Autumn in Greece, of the late General Maitland's being an 'abominable tyrant,' may be partly owing to the general having been a strict disciplinarian;—that he was not a man of the most delicate feelings, the following unpublished anecdote will show:—when he was governor of Ceylon, an unfortunate soldier who had been found drunk upon duty, was put by his serjeant under confinement: while still under the influence of intoxication, he possessed himself of a loaded musket, and fired at the serjeant who had ordered him into custody, but did not wound him; for this serious offence against humanity and military law, he was brought to a court-martial, found guilty, and condemned to be shot. The morning appointed for execution of the sentence, the garrison were assembled to see it carried into effect. The culprit had expressed contrition, and urged his former correct conduct in mitigation of punishment, but in vain. At the fatal hour, the governor was announced, and more than one hoped he had come to commute the sentence—but, no; he came to see the unhappy man suffer!

*Animal Fancy and Parental Value.*—A certain person has two jack-daws, of which he is particularly fond: 'Jack-daws,' he says, 'is the sensiblest animals that is.' Talking with a friend the other day, in the presence of the daws, 'Tom,' said he, 'Tom, I would sooner lose my father and mother than them birds; in fact I'd sooner lose £2.'

### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Dec. 9	44	46	45	.. 53	Cloudy.
.... 10	44	45	45	29 75	Do.
.... 11	44	46	44	.. 78	Do.
.... 12	42	41	40	.. 90	Do.
.... 13	35	44	48	.. 79	Do.
.... 14	48	50	42	.. 33	Rain—wind
.... 15	38	40	45	.. 76	Fair.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. J. Leathwick's Ode to Imagination, and a Defence of the British Museum, will appear in our next.

Back Numbers of THE LITERARY CHRONICLE stamped, can seldom be supplied after the day of publication; but any of the unstamped Numbers may be obtained through the country booksellers, who can supply, upon order, any deficiency either in the monthly or quarterly parts, or annual volumes.

*Works just published.*—Crabb's Universal Historical Dictionary, two vols. 4to. 800 portraits, and numerous wood cuts, 5l. 8s. boards.—The Mirror of the Months, post 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Brady's Varieties of Literature—Butler's Life of Erasmus, 7s. 6d.—McCulloch on Political Economy, 12s.—Hume's Customs of the Excise, 16s.—Wiffen's Translation of Tasso, three vols. 2l. 2s.—Myddleton on Consumption, 4s.—Illustration of Joplin, on the Currency, 5s.—Poole's Essay on Education, 4to. 3l. 13s. 6d.—Armstrong's Gaelic Dictionary, 7s. 6d.—Hack's English Stories, third series, 7s.—Ayre on Dropsy, 8s.—Murratt's Mechanical Philosophy, 7s. 6d.—Granby, 3 vols. 27s.—Westminster Review, No. 8, 6s.—Smiles for all Seasons, 2nd edition, 6s.—Hurwitz's Hebrew Tales and Essays, 7s. 6d.—Carey's Beauties of the Poets, 7s.—Statutes at Large, vol. 1, part 1, 4to. 2l.—Death-Bed Scenes, 16s. 6d.—Nicolas's Testamenta Vetusta 2 vols. royal 8vo. 2l. 10s.—Cunningham's Songs of Scotland, 4 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 16s.—Antoninus's Meditations, 6s.

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